THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MARCH, 1927

Correspondence

America and Prohibition

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

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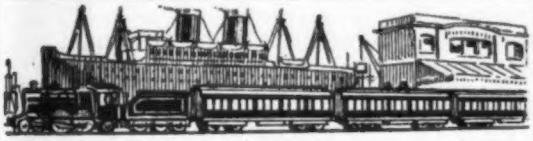

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offence, the records show. In addition to the 796 who went to jail for violating the Prohibition Act, 31 of these sent to Leavenworth also were convicted of handling illicit liquor."

Facts such as these, which are common to every State in the Union, are not to be gainsaid by any specious plea of "partial information" or "misinformation"; nor are they to be held as of no account because of alleged commercial prosperity or social betterment. Present prosperity in the United States is attributed by sound American opinion to economic causes and not to Prohibition.

But the great evil for which Prohibition is responsible is the appalling extent to which contempt for, and violation of, the Prohibition law, and the undermining of respect for all laws, have been carried during these seven years of Prohibition. It is an evil which most people in the United States—except the Anti-Saloon League and its followers—view with alarm.

Mr. Purdy's reference to England verges on impertinence and savours of the kind of stuff which the Anti-Saloon League serves up to the American public. Permit me to quote another instance of the same kind of American Prohibitionist propaganda, as follows:—

The *New York Times*, of November 11 last, published a special dispatch from Washington, according to which "Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, 'the Spot Light' of Prohibition, stated that he had just received a letter from an American business man, written from the latter's London office, which painted a terrible picture of affairs in England. 'Drunken autoists,' so Mr. Wheeler said the letter said, 'were arrested in London in such large numbers that an equivalent ratio in New York would mean 531 in court every day in the latter city. Further, drunkenness is so common in the streets that it is as unnoticed as the streets themselves.'"

Mr. Purdy would be better employed in digesting the facts about the effects of Prohibition in his own country than in besmearing the name and reputation of England.

I am, etc., H. EARNSHAW.
Secretary, Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council.
46 Melville Street, Edinburgh.

Chinese Nationalism *in excelsis*

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—As an example of the edifying manners and morals produced by "Western learning" on the Chinese mind, the enclosed letter may interest your readers. Particularly instructive is its writer's unconscious admission of the greed for property, the Oriental's insatiable money lust, as the dominant factor in his hysterical "Nationalism."

I am, etc.,
"EAST IS EAST."

"LONDON.

"DEAR SIR,—Your race have forced three wars upon us—and one for the purpose of compelling us to allow opium to enter our country for the demoralization of our people. *You*—and others—want a *fourth* war, so that you may hold what was dragged from us by force. A fourth war will be the prelude to a *fifth* one that will sweep you

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Current Comments

Government or Compromise?

As the months pass there is a growing fear amongst the Conservative party throughout the country that the Government's faith in conciliation is at least as attributable to timidity as to any nobler quality. They seem unable to perform even the elementary duty of protecting British subjects without profuse and apologetic assurances that no "provocation" is intended. An honest man expects his honesty to be taken for granted. These abject promises to all the enemies of society at home and abroad that the British Government will not behave as badly as they do, and, above all, will be careful not to hurt them, deserve and receive nothing but contempt from those whom they are intended to placate. It is not in the English character, particularly of those charged with responsibility, to attempt coercion in any form before all reasonable hope of agreement by negotiation is exhausted. A British Government is as much entitled to expect credit for the justice and humanity of its motives as for its honesty. It will forfeit that claim only by deeds. It will not strengthen it by words. Conciliation at all costs, like peace at any price, is an illusion. It takes two to make a bargain. Both must honour it. If one party proffers conciliation while the other is irreconcilable, what good can result? The would-be conciliator will not only fail in his object, but will certainly pay for his optimism. His position will be precisely that of a sanguine speculator who finds himself left with depreciated stock on his hands.

Such, we believe, will be the result of the Government's policy in China, dealt with elsewhere in this number. Such also, there is reason to fear, will be the result of the Government's disinclination to grasp firmly the nettle of trade union legislation. Everyone is agreed that the ideal solution would be the reform of the unions from within, or at least by their frank and friendly co-operation with the Government. It is unhappily obvious, however, that there is no remote chance of so effecting the

amendment necessary in the interests both of the community and of individual members of the unions. All those who are connected with industry or have studied the subject are more or less agreed as to the scope of the reforms needed. Those most familiar to the general public relate to picketing, the political levy, and the strike ballot. In regard to the first two, Mr. Churchill the other day expressed the view, in terms as strong as have been used in this Review, that picketing was an intolerable interference with the liberty of the subject and that there should be no direct association between politics and trade unionism. Yet the Government is credited with the intention of evading the issue altogether as regards the political levy and of merely limiting the legal licence to intimidate by picketing. Whatever may be its ultimate decision as to the strike ballot, there is no doubt that a majority of the Cabinet incline to the weak course of doing nothing. Numberless plausible reasons will be advanced to justify the policy of non-interference, but anxiety to avoid provocation outweighs them all. Picketing in any form is inconsistent with a man's freedom to go about his work. At the least it is molestation and annoyance. Even if legally restricted to a single picket, it may still be the means of moral intimidation and of conveying threats. Propaganda can be carried on by the halfpenny post (for printed matter), by indoor and outdoor meetings, and through the Press. In addition, there are innumerable legitimate opportunities of personal intercourse in which no man can escape contact with his fellows. Why should he be waylaid in the street or at his employer's gate? If, as Mr. Churchill (hardly a cipher in the Cabinet) insists, and everyone agrees, trade unionism should be divorced from politics, why should the sham safeguard of "contracting out" of the political levy merely be replaced by the hardly less transparent tyranny of "contracting in"? If trade unionism should stand officially apart from politics, how vicious must be its alliance with a single and admittedly sectional party, pledged to wage a class war on the rest of the community! And how unjust to the large proportion of union members who hold contrary political views! Why should the vast machinery of the trade unions, created to serve the industrial interests of millions of workers of all political creeds, act as tax-gatherer and

banker for one political party only? Why should not members of the unions, like other free citizens, find their own way to the funds of any political party they wish to support? And if under the existing system there is no unfair moral pressure, why does the mere suggestion of abolishing the levy throw union officials into such hysterical paroxysms of protest? (Not, be it noted, those who pay, but the more fortunate ones who are paid.)

As for the strike ballot, which should be made compulsory, two reasons suffice for secrecy, and independent supervision as at political or municipal elections. Under the existing method undue pressure amounting to intimidation is exercised and the votes are sometimes fraudulently manipulated. In face of such undeniable facts, nothing but timidity can explain the Government's reported decision to allow the present abuses to continue.

China

We are old-fashioned enough to believe that the first duty of a Government is to govern; next, to promote the security and prosperity of the nation; and, for the rest, to be more concerned with broad principles of justice and the wide interests of humanity than with devising smoke-screens of diplomatic formulæ for political emergencies. Whether it be because of war-weariness, or the Locarno spirit, or the insidious atmosphere of Geneva, the British Government of to-day—or at least those elements in it which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald applauds as the "Foreign Office School" of thought—evidently cares less for these things than for conciliating sentimental opinion abroad, so that we may stand well in the eyes of the alien. The avowed enemies of the Empire are free to come and go in our midst, while they do their utmost to ruin our industries and create disorder in the State. In China they have incited the ignorant masses against us until our trade is in jeopardy and our countrymen are compelled to flee for safety from their plundered homes. The wretched Irish business may have accustomed Sir Austen Chamberlain to regard such regrettable incidents with equanimity, but, despite the curious passivity of the Conservative majority in the House of Commons, we believe that the nation is deeply concerned and indignant at the humiliating results of the Government's persistence in the policy of patient conciliation.

Civis Britannicus Sum

In the face of unprovoked outrages, such as the seizure of the British Concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang, our proper course would have been to address a stern warning to the leaders of the Cantonese party, together with an intimation that full reparation would be exacted, if necessary, from the City of Canton, for all injuries inflicted. What we have done is to invite the repetition of such outrages, and to encourage the promoters of the anti-British agitation by further graceful concessions. These concessions, as Mr. Bland points out in an article in this number, are of a nature to justify Mr. Eugene Chen and his Bolshevik allies in the hope that they may find therein the means of undermining the whole British position, and eventually destroying it, by a gradual process of encroachments and exactions. The admission of Chinese to equal rights of administration in the British Concessions is clearly the thin end of a wedge which, unless the debacle be stopped, may well mean the extinction of British trade interests and political influence along the Pacific seaboard. Yet we are not aware that any voice has been raised in the House of Commons to suggest that compensation should be required from the Cantonese on behalf of the British subjects who, relying upon the British Government's reiterated promises of effective protection, have suffered loss and injury at the hands of the Nationalists and their attendant mobs. (To file a list of claims at Peking, as the F.O. apparently proposes to do, would, of course, be futile.) Nor has the question been raised, as it should be, whether the Government is lawfully entitled to annul or diminish the treaty rights of British traders in China without due process of treaty revision and the consent of Parliament. If these rights can be suddenly suspended or abrogated by the "liberal gesture" of a Foreign Secretary, what security can there be in future for any commercial enterprise in the Far East?

None So Blind

The myopic mentality of the Independent Labour Party is passing strange. On the one hand, it insists upon the immediate recognition of China's sovereign rights as an "independent and self-governing nation," with complete control of the Customs revenues and all other implications of "racial

equality"; on the other, it will brook no disparagement or denunciation of the Soviets' Government, whose designs upon China's territories in Mongolia and Manchuria are as self-evident and sinister as they were in the days of Tsardom. Moreover, it cannot see, or prefers to ignore, the unmistakable signs of Russia's desire to come to an *entente* with Japan, which, as a factor in the Far Eastern situation, is infinitely more important than all the words and works of Mr. Eugene Chen. Japanese policy in China since the war, and especially since the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was sacrificed to American sentiment at the Washington Conference, has necessarily been a policy of watchful waiting, provisionally adapted to circumstances, but obviously to be determined in the last resort by the course of events in Russia. It requires no great gift of prophecy to predict that, whenever Tokyo deems it possible to believe in the goodwill and good faith of the present rulers of Russia, there will be a revival of the "special rights" and spheres of influence in China's Northern Dependencies, as agreed upon in the Russo-Japanese agreement of July 1910. Meanwhile, our purblind acquiescence in the Bolshevik proclivities of the Cantonese Government can only serve to hasten the process of China's bankruptcy and final disruption, and, as the better elements in China fully realize, leave that unfortunate country friendless and defenceless, at the mercy of her powerful neighbours.

Hands Off Our Navy

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has proposed to the five Powers who signed the Agreement at the Washington Conference that they should conclude at an early date an agreement further limiting naval armaments. He states that the United States is disposed to accept in regard to those classes of vessels not covered by the Treaty an extension of the 5–5–3 ratio as regards the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. The suggestion that the cruiser strength of our Empire should be limited to equality with the United States ignores all consideration of the immense difference between the respective responsibilities of the two navies. The navy of Great Britain is charged with the duty of policing our trade routes in time of peace and of protecting them from all war-like aggression. These great highways of the sea, along which travel the ships engaged in the

supply of food and raw materials vital to our industries and to our very existence, require a large number of cruisers for their protection. No other nation in the world depends as we do on the safety of shipping and cargoes. The United States, self-contained as it is in the matter of food and nearly all raw materials, would suffer no great hardship if the trade routes were successfully attacked; but we in this island should actually starve in a few weeks if sea trade ceased to function.

Our Empire, scattered as it is over the world, can only be defended from possible enemies by sea power. British cruisers, destroyers, and submarines are also scattered over the world, carrying out the ceaseless duty of protecting our nationals and their interests. Just now a large number are in the China seas, where their presence is the backbone of the defence of Shanghai and a safeguard of the great commerce between Britain and China. The British Navy has now been cut down to such a small force that it is impossible for us to police all seas, and the number of cruisers we have available is inadequate for peace duties and totally insufficient for war. In August 1914 the British Navy possessed forty-six armoured cruisers and sixty-two light cruisers, and at that time there were building seventeen of the latter class. At the time of the Armistice in 1918 we had twenty-seven armoured cruisers and eighty-two light cruisers effective, and we had twenty-one light cruisers building. We have now a total of forty-eight cruisers, of which twelve are over ten, and a further five over fourteen years old. For the replacement of these seventeen old vessels we have authorized fourteen new cruisers, five of which are not yet laid down. To suggest that we should further reduce our cruisers, just because some other nation such as the U.S.A. desires to do so, is most unreasonable, and it is hardly conceivable that our Government will agree to such a proposal.

Labour Humiliation

THE China and Trade Union debates left the Parliamentary leaders of the Labour Party in a position of abject subjection to forces which they cannot control and dare not resist. Before the debate, Mr. MacDonald at Glasgow, Daventry and Pontrhydyfen, had given his support to Sir Austen Chamberlain's policy: nothing, he said, could

justify desertion of our own people in treaty-ceded settlements. South Wales miners objected, but he, noble man, stoutly upheld the gospel of "Stop mere faction in politics." Similarly, Mr. J. H. Thomas, at Newton Abbot, disdained the thought that he or anyone "who had held the responsible position of a Minister of the Crown," should take advantage of such a situation: the man on the spot alone could know and must be trusted. "The policy of the British Foreign Office is the right one," said Mr. Snowden at Holinforth. But there were other voices. With a fine Clydeside gesture, Mr. Wheatley declined, as he said, to be "stampeded by all the talk about the lives of British residents being in danger. . . . Very few of them were members of the working class." In the debate, under the lash of the backbenchmen, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden and all the Labour spokesmen, except one, Dr. Haden Guest, urged the recall of the Defence Force from China and the condemnation of the Government. Labour policy is no longer a matter of reason and leadership; Sovietism is in operation before our eyes, and the position of Mr. MacDonald and his front-bench colleagues recalls the tramp-ship of Mr. Kipling's verse:—

> Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul,
> Clanging like a smithy shop after every roll.

Bright Spots in Agriculture

THE agricultural year, which opens this month, promises well in two respects. Sugar-beet is saving the arable farmer in many districts, and the more enlightened farmers are at last realizing that markets and good prices must be won by organization and quality. The acreage under sugar-beet has increased tenfold in three years, and now affords a five weeks' supply of home-grown sugar, while better methods of cultivation, aided by luck in the weather, have given an extra ton per acre on 130,000 acres and a sugar content of 17 per cent. as against 16·3 in the previous year. With further improvements on the farm and in the factory the industry may be expected to thrive, even after the lapse of the subsidy seven years hence. The discussions in the House of Commons and at the Conference of the British Sugar Beet Society were encouraging. In Czechoslovakia the factory managers claim to have learnt how to render the

effluent, not only innocuous by filtration, but valuable for manure, and if we can do so also, one of the main obstacles to new factories—for instance, in the West Country—may be removed. At Eynsham in Oxfordshire, and Aintree in Lancashire, tests are being made on the basis of far less than a 10,000 acre unit per factory, and with a process which is designed to keep manufacture going all through the year instead of for four months only. Not large farmers alone, but smallholders are now sugar-beet growers, and profitable yields are being taken from classes of land formerly declared to be quite unsuitable. It only needs persistence to make sugar-beet as great an aid to stock-raising, dairying, corn growing (in the rotation), and sugar, and motor-fuel production as it has proved to be in European and North American lands not one whit better placed than we are for climate and marketing. That word "marketing" is a keyword to the importance of which our farmers' organizations seem to be awakening. The co-operative standardizing, grading, and marketing of eggs, bacon, cheese, wool, and other products in which the National Farmers' Union is trying to organize its county units is a most welcome and hopeful development. It is well that the Empire Marketing Board should shout aloud: "Buy Home Goods First," in its newspaper advertisements and street posters, but the housewife can only be won over if these Home Goods are at least as good as the best imported and as readily available from day to day.

The German Cabinet

AFTER many critical days in which the nationalist personnel of his Cabinet was under a sharp crossfire, especially Herr von Keudell, the Minister of the Interior, against whom a Parliamentary impeachment was tried owing to his activities in the Kapp monarchist counter-revolution of 1920, the new Marx Cabinet in Germany appears to be fairly firmly in the saddle. The four governmental parties have no more than a nominal strength of 250 in a House of 493, but they can usually reckon on additional support from the twenty-one representatives of the Economic Union. Unless, therefore, it falls asunder owing to domestic disagreements, the new combination of Right and Centre may even endure until the next General Election, due in December, 1928. Herr Strese-

mann, the Foreign Secretary, has calculated, perhaps correctly, that the Nationalists in office will be less of a hindrance to his foreign policy than they were in opposition, while Dr. Marx, as Centrist Chancellor of this strange combination, may reckon that Nationalist activities will be devoted in great part to a reinforcement of the old Conservative policy of rigid protectionism for agricultural products. Agriculturists in Germany have been "under the weather" of late; many of them are heavily in debt, and there have been signs of severe financial stringency in the agricultural banking world. In addition, Nationalists, with clerical assistance, are likely to turn their attention to the schools and, particularly, to seek a severe censorship upon films to which children are admitted. Otherwise not even Herr von Keudell as Minister of the Interior is likely very greatly to "monarchize" the internal organization, since his authority, in this respect, is limited by that of the individual States. Herr Severing, the Socialist, still dominates the situation in Prussia, the key position now, as before the war, and the Centrists have indicated pretty plainly that they do not intend to assist the Nationalists to recover their pre-war position there.

Germany's Foreign Policy

No doubt the Nationalists will periodically renew their expressions of faith in the eventual triumph of monarchism but the foreign policy of Germany is likely to be dominated for a long time by the conviction that she may presently come between the upper and nether millstone, the increasing force of Russo-Asiatic aggressiveness and the slowly recovering unity of front in Western and Southern Europe. When she was still the greatest military Power in the world, Germany dreamed at intervals of a combination which would give her the backing of Russia and even of Japan. Since the debacle of 1918 she has officially—and more conspicuously in unofficial ways—striven to secure a good footing in Russia. Admitting that German militarists still hope to mobilize the East against their victors in the West, it is, nevertheless, probable that for most Germans the anxiety for accommodation with Russia derives from the fear that, short of some agreement, Germany may sooner or later find herself the battleground of the next

great conflict. "The independence of Soviet Russia," writes Herr Paul Scheffer from Moscow to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "is the very condition for the maintenance of our own equilibrating position in Europe." With an honesty which must sometimes sorely try his Muscovite friends he scoffs at the suggestion that Russian war-plans are "spoof," or that the War-Kommissar's sabre-rattling speeches are solely intended to distract attention from Russia's domestic discontents. None of these and similar explanations suffices, he says, "to account for the financial sacrifices which the Soviet Union has recently made for increased armaments, or to explain certain measures of economic security lately taken abroad. The Russians believe that war or a condition resembling war is probable." And the correspondent—one of the ablest, incidentally, that post-war Germany has produced—goes on to remark that if this threat takes solid form, it spells for Germany sheer disaster. One must not neglect this undeniable nervousness regarding the future when considering Germany's policy at Geneva and elsewhere. But it is impossible on that account to excuse the malicious "Schadenfreude"—that untranslatable word which expresses pleasure at another's injury—wherewith German newspapers have hailed every real or supposed diplomatic retreat or additional difficulty of Britain in China. It is likely that in a decline of the strength of Britain and a consequent decrease of Western European powers of resistance to Russian aggressiveness, many Germans see the best hope of avoiding an ultimate clash between East and West, in which Germany would be crushed out of existence between the two. In any event, British diplomacy, we imagine, can hardly fail to take account of this trend of thought.

Mr. Bruce and Mr. King

It is a new thing for the Prime Minister of one "free and independent nation" to criticize the policy of another whose guest he happens to be. The mutual relations of the British Dominions, however, are of a special order, and Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, probably expressed a personal rather than a national opinion when, in obvious reference to the speeches of Mr. Bruce, he said: "He has made my task a much more difficult one. The people of Canada will rise to a sense of their

responsibilities in matters of Empire much more quickly of their own accord than they will through any advice given by visitors from abroad." The Australian Prime Minister took the Canadian route home after the Imperial Conference, and his speeches in the Dominion show him to have been in very high feather. He took "equal rights, equal duties" as his text, and laid it down in vigorous terms that no people could fairly claim independence and an equal voice among the nations which was unable to defend itself and give adequate protection to its ocean-going commerce. He did not mince his words. "Suppose," he said to a Canadian audience, "there were a war in the Pacific. How would you feel if I had to send my four cruisers to protect you? Both Canadian and Australian trade would have to be protected, not by the Australian Navy, but by the whole force of the British Navy, which the British people have to support. Canada has more trade and more people than we have in Australia and should be prepared to go farther in these and other things." These words have vexed a part of Canadian opinion. They were but the current coin of the Imperial Conference, and Mr. Bruce has done no harm by lifting a corner of the veil from its discussions. In any case he has succeeded in planting the question of Imperial defence firmly before the eyes of the Canadian people, and it may become a major political issue in the next few years. It is natural that the British people should look to the Dominions gradually to assume a greater share in the responsibility for the common defence, if only in return for the protection which they have long enjoyed and in whose shade they have reached their present prosperity. The share borne by the Dominions in war-time is not undervalued: none who remember Anzac, Vimy Ridge, and Delville Wood can fail to appreciate it. But it is relief for our overburdened exchequer in times of peace that we hope for and have some claim to expect. Some may think that Mr. Bruce's words exceeded the liberty allowed to a friendly critic, but no one will quarrel with the sentiment they expressed. His opinions are delivered straight from the shoulder. Candour, too, is a quality that commands respect. Canadian self-esteem may have been a little chafed by his vigorous challenge, but the intention was clearly to serve the common cause and not to wound.

The Canadian Honours Ban

THERE has been a marked improvement in the tone of Canadian public utterances on Imperial relations since the Conference. One of the most significant manifestations of this is the movement to remove the ban which the Canadian Parliament placed in 1919 on the bestowal of titles upon Canadian subjects. Two Provincial Premiers, Mr. Ferguson of Ontario and Mr Rhodes of Nova Scotia, have declared themselves in favour of rescinding the ban. The original step was somewhat hastily taken in the troubled political period which followed the war, and it is doubtful whether the mass of the Canadian people supported it. It has created an invidious and unnecessary distinction between the Dominion and the rest of the Empire, and has prevented His Majesty from rewarding valuable services rendered by Canadians. Nevertheless, opinion is sharply divided on the question, and strong opposition will probably be shown if the movement to restore honours takes an active form.

One effect of the Imperial relations report was to gag those politicians overseas to whom the cry of "status" had been the main reason for existence, since it gave them all they demanded. It was expected that, as soon as they had recovered from their astonishment, their assaults would be directed against another sand castle—the word "Dominion." The Ottawa Parliament is to be asked to vote a motion that "it is expedient for the title of Canada to be changed from the Dominion of Canada to the Kingdom of Canada." It must be confessed that there is nothing illogical in the proposal, and if it arouses enthusiasm, it may eventually be carried through. It is difficult, however, to see what would be gained by the change.

The publication of the correspondence between Lord Byng and Mr. Mackenzie King throws a new light upon the dissolution controversy which agitated Canada last summer. The poisoned dart in the attack that was made upon the Governor-General was the suggestion that, in refusing the Prime Minister's request for a dissolution, he had in some manner reflected the desires of Downing Street. This insinuation was constantly made by Mr. Mackenzie King's supporters and in the Press, and no

attempt was made to rebut it. The correspondence now published reveals the surprising fact that Mr. Mackenzie King himself urged the Governor-General to refer to the Secretary of State for the Dominions before repeating his refusal to grant a dissolution. Lord Byng refused to do so, and his reply shows that the reason for his action was the only possible one in a Governor-General—the conviction, after painstaking consideration, that the course he was taking was correct. "My contention is," he said, "that Mr. Meighen has not been given a chance of trying to govern or of saying that he cannot do so, and that all reasonable expedients should be tried before resorting to another election." Impartial Canadians who read this correspondence must come to the inevitable conclusion that everyone of the Governor-General's actions, however they may have been distorted at the time, was in defence, and not in defiance, of their Constitution.

Tangier and Spanish Intrigue

THE absorbing interest of foreign affairs in more remote quarters should not be allowed to obscure the importance of the "Tangier Conversations" recently initiated between France and Spain. In 1924 a convention was signed by Great Britain, France and Spain which was, at the time, heralded as a solution of the long-standing problem of the International Zone of Tangier. This somewhat hastily devised instrument represented an effort to evolve order out of the previous chaos, and set up a properly organized international administration. The machinery designed at the Paris Conference on Tangier has now had about two years' practical trial, and has naturally revealed a variety of small points in which it can be improved. Were all the powers equally anxious to make it work smoothly, the necessary adjustments, arranged by a Meeting of Treasury and local Government experts of the three powers, rather than by their diplomatic representatives, would be a comparatively simple affair.

Unfortunately, there is ample evidence that Spain, through her local representatives, has done her best to obstruct the working of the international regime, in the hope that if she could bring it to a standstill, Tangier

in fact, if not in name, would fall under her complete control. To achieve this object she even stooped to what looked like as flagrant a case of political blackmail as has been seen in recent years. For, a few months ago, she attempted to play on the well-known susceptibilities of our Foreign Secretary by threatening that, if she were not allowed her way about Tangier, she would leave the League of Nations. This bluff failed, and Spain left the League. The initiation of conversations about Tangier was, however, apparently arranged.

British Interests

THE interest of Great Britain in the question is twofold. In the first place, the situation of Tangier on the Straits of Gibraltar gives it a strategic importance of the first order. If the Suez Canal is the "front door" of our Empire in the East, the Straits may well be regarded as the entrance gates. Secondly, we have a considerable colony of British residents and traders in Tangier, whose very solid interests would not be safe under anything but a strictly impartial international regime, including a proportion of trained British officials as a guarantee of honest and efficient administration.

At the Paris Conference, Great Britain participated on an equal footing with France and Spain. Now we learn that the present conversations are to be between France and Spain only, any agreement reached being submitted to the United States, Belgium, Italy—and Great Britain. We cannot but view with concern this novel method of allowing a foreign power to watch over our interests, for it seems to be generally assumed on the Continent that the British Government will fall in with any scheme to which Spain can induce France to agree. Sonorous clauses are very easily inserted in a convention to prohibit "fortifications" (as if any one would ever want to "build" any nowadays!) and proclaiming "neutrality," but if the administration of a small but important zone is virtually confided to one Latin power, the whole of its commercial and economic development will inevitably be dominated by that Power, and in times of stress "neutrality" clauses will either be forgotten or completely ineffective. A report, originating in Spain, to the effect that France has con-

ceded all Spanish demands has so far received no confirmation here, and we may hope that it has no foundation more solid than the wishes of its originators.

Economic Conditions in France

FRANCE is now beginning to feel the effects of the practical stabilization of the franc. The official figures of workers in receipt of unemployment relief give no proper idea of the extent to which industrial activity has been at least temporarily lamed. On February 11 M. Durafour, who was Minister of Labour in two of the recent cabinets, gave an estimate in the Chamber of more than 250,000 for the unemployed, with a very much larger number for those working short time, and his figures were not contested.

This change of affairs gives additional interest to the valuable report on economic and industrial conditions in France, which has been compiled for the year 1925–1926 by Mr. Cahill, Commercial Counsellor at the British Embassy in Paris, for his review closes just before the pinch began to be felt. It shows France at the zenith of her industrial and commercial prosperity. Thanks to the resources which she acquired by the Treaty of Versailles, to the fillip given to national industry by the necessity to restore her war-ruined departments, and to the advantage which her export trade gained from a depreciated currency, she has made herself one of the foremost industrial powers of the world. According to Mr. Cahill, her supplies of energy from thermic and hydraulic sources are three times greater than in 1911; her coal output is 25 per cent. higher, and is still increasing; and her blast-furnaces and coke-ovens are more modern and more numerous, the former by 25, the latter by 45 per cent. She has obtained a million horse-power from her lakes and rivers since 1914. Her exports of manufactured goods have been increasing successively by more than half a million tons yearly since 1922.

Now that French industries are no longer secured against competition by a slowly depreciating currency, it remains to be seen how this new economic fabric will stand the strain which the purification of the State finances will probably impose upon it during the next few years. Mr. Cahill notes that a great evolution has

taken place in the basic industries toward organization for large-scale, standardized, and specialized production, so that they should be well prepared to face competition. He appears, however, to have doubts about the permanency of the position which the French metallurgical industry has won for itself in the last five years.

The report, which is published by the Stationery Office at 7s. 6d., contains as usual a wealth of information on financial and social, as well as economic, questions.

Reforming the Prayer Book?

DEAN STANLEY was supposed to wake every morning with the idea that the Church of England was an open question. Since the Oxford Movement it has plainly included thinkers and believers of different schools who have emphasized rather than sunk their varieties of belief. The Prayer Book was settled as a compromise, and its use strictly enjoined with penalties, but it is a notorious fact that omissions and divagations from the ritual and words it prescribes have been tolerated for many years in many quarters without any protest or assertion of discipline. The attempt at this date to reconcile divergent parties by changes or additions in a permissive Prayer Book seems more likely to accentuate than to compose their differences.

The Book we have is the "Book of Common Prayer," and should remain so, unadulterated with permissible concessions to this party or that. Men given to change, as the Preface declares, put their own private interests above "that duty they owe to the publick." The Bishops cannot side with the extremists, and what authority they might and ought to exercise they have often of late omitted to use. The delegation of decision to Parochial Councils seems likely to lead to frequent bickering. The whole question of alterations and alternatives will not be settled till the summer, when wiser counsels may prevail. Certainly a minimum of changes seems necessary or expedient.

In these Notes last month the date of the next General Election in France was inadvertently given as 1929 *instead of* 1928.

More Plain Truths About China

By J. O. P. Bland

The Foreign Office School saw quite clearly that the Old China was dead, that old traditions no longer counted, that all privileges which we enjoyed had to be given up, and that, further, China had now become aware that the Nationalist movement in China had become so active and so powerful that we must candidly and frankly recognize that China must have all the powers of an independent and self-governing nation. . . . . .

(MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD in the House of Commons, February 8.)

"CAN the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?" A feature peculiar to the political life of this country is the persistence of the curious type of highbrow who is prepared to take to his bosom Hottentot and Hun, Communist and cannibal, if only they display sufficient hostility to Great Britain. Sometimes, of course, he does it all in the way of business, as a member or a supporter of H.M. Opposition, or a professional idealist; in which case, since we have all got to live, there is not much to be said. But more often your political highbrow is a sententious private individual, acutely conscious of his own moral superiority. He finds that the easiest way of manifesting it is to assume in every case that any line of action which commends itself to the collective intelligence of his countrymen must be wrong; in every dispute with a foreign country he therefore encourages and supports the adversary. Add to the activities of these gentry the increasing influence in our affairs of the type of feminist sentimentalism which distinguishes American politics, and one gets a partial explanation of a situation which only England could produce: viz. a Cantonese-Bolshevik faction proclaiming unprovoked war upon everything British, and receiving, in addition to the customary support of the Labour party, the pontifical blessing of the ubiquitous Mr. Wells and the active sympathy of a number of distinguished professors and pacifists.

These things are hard to understand, but the sympathy displayed by a very large section of the British Press during the past year for the "national" aspirations of the Chinese people, as manifested by the Kuomintang group of political adventurers, and its acquiescence in

the British Government's policy of patience and conciliation, are even harder to explain. They are primarily due, no doubt, to the fact that the public, for which the syndicated Press caters, concerns itself but little with foreign affairs; Demos, supplied with his daily ration of sport news, comic cuts and cinema items, asks for no intelligent anticipation of world politics. The impassive attitude of the Press may also be regarded in some measure as a reflection of the apathetic *laissez-faire* disposition of the present House of Commons. These be days of short memories; where China is concerned, both Downing Street and Fleet Street appear to have entirely forgotten all the lessons learned at no small cost during the two centuries of our commercial intercourse with the Far East. In dealing with the Cantonese party, the "Foreign Office School" has certainly overlooked two fundamental principles: first, that any attempt to disarm the aggressive hostility of an Oriental people by means of "liberal gestures" is simply asking for more trouble; and, secondly, that, in the East, forms of government are of far less importance than the character of the men who administer them. The spectacle afforded by the British Minister solemnly discussing a humiliating *modus vivendi* with Mr. Chen of Trinidad (and Comrade Borodin in the background) is sufficiently disturbing, but even more amazing is the assumption by Parliament and Press that such an agreement affords a reasonable prospect of restoring goodwill and normal conditions of trade, when every man in his senses knows full well that it will not be worth the paper it is written on.

Sir Austen Chamberlain's endeavours to bring the Locarno spirit to bear upon our relations with the Kuomintang militant were simply bound to increase the arrogance of the Cantonese leaders and their determination to abolish forthwith the foreigner's treaty rights. If China's attitude were reasonable and friendly, and if the state of the country showed any signs of a return to law and order, a cautious policy of goodwill and timely concessions might be mutually beneficial, but as matters stand it must inevitably prove a costly blunder. By our misguided acquiescence in America's passion for experiments in political idealism, we have now encouraged the overweaning conceit of the young politicians of the

Cantonese party to such a pitch that, unless we are prepared to evacuate the position, bag and baggage, at the dictation of Moscow, a recourse to armed force will eventually be unavoidable.

Touching the question of armed force, the opinion appears to be widely accepted by Parliament and the Press that a force of 20,000 men is no greater than what is required for the defence of the Shanghai Settlements, and that, to deal effectively with the Cantonese army would involve us in a long and costly war. This argument, were it sound, might go far to justify the Government's policy of patience, so long as it did not involve tame submission to indignity. It is an open secret that in the high places of Whitehall there are those who share this opinion, even as there are academic admirals and closet-colonels who hold the Socialist faith that it were better that India should be badly governed by Indians than well governed by Great Britain. Let that pass. The truth of the matter is, that 20,000 British troops could march, if necessary, from one end of China to the other more easily today than they could have done fifteen years ago, and that the undisciplined, unpaid coolie-mobs of China's so-called armies would fade away before them like snow upon the desert. It is, moreover, notoriously true that you can buy the Commander of a Chinese army today for probably less than the cost of transporting the Defence Force to Shanghai; but this method of dealing with the trouble is unsatisfactory (as Chang Tso-lin has just discovered again) for the reason that these gallant officers do not "stay bought" for any length of time.

At the moment of writing, the policy of the Cantonese leaders, inspired by the Communists of Moscow, appears to be avoidance of any further drastic or dramatic measures which might arouse and alarm public opinion in England and America, while they encourage, in those who form and direct that opinion, the vague and facile optimism which, in spite of all that has happened, still finds expression in our midst. Their immediate object is evidently to create fresh opportunities for vacillation on our part by protesting, with the support of the Labour Party in this country, against the use of armed force to oppose mob violence. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's

characteristic declaration that the "best way to protect the lives of the women and children at Shanghai is by conducting friendly negotiations with Mr. Chen," is in itself sufficient to account for the arrogance and bad faith of the Cantonese leader. For the present, however, Mr. Chen may be expected to maintain the semblance of a more conciliatory spirit, simply because the nature of the amazing concessions now offered by the British Government is such that he and his Bolshevik advisers may discover in them the means of undermining the whole British position, and eventually destroying it, by a gradual process of encroachments and exactions.

If, as some profess to believe, Sir Austen Chamberlain's latest offer (which threatens the whole fabric of British commercial enterprise and vested interests in China) is a Machiavellian move or bluff, made in the hope that the Chinese would, as usual, reject it with scorn and be led to increase their impossible demands, it might be defensible as a diplomatic manœuvre; even so, the important question would still remain whether the Government can lawfully alter the status and diminish the Treaty rights of British subjects in China, without reference to Parliament and due process of Treaty revision? Assuming however, that the momentous concessions now offered to Mr. Chen represent the Cabinet's considered policy, its only possible justification must lie in the assumption that the Cantonese Government is, in fact, not only an effective Government, competent to control its followers, but a political entity able and willing to give effect to any agreement which we may conclude with it. While this assumption has been very widely accepted without question, there are those who perceive that goodwill and good faith of the Cantonese Government are matters of vital importance, inasmuch as the existence of any doubt on the subject must make these concessions extremely dangerous. And this is obviously so, for it cannot be too often or too plainly stated that, *so long as China remains in her present condition, or anything like it, the abolition of the foreigner's Treaty rights must involve the destruction of his legitimate trade interests and of the Treaty Port Settlements.* Our present policy is, in fact, based upon acceptance of Mr. Eugene Chen's claim to represent an efficient and civilized Government, one

which is just as able and ready as that of any other great nation to maintain law and order and to administer justice. The position has only to be stated in these terms for the absurdity of such an assumption to be manifest. Nevertheless, since it has been widely accepted it may be pertinent to examine its validity in the light of the recent history of the Kuomintang and the record of its leaders. I make no excuse for dwelling on this matter, for it is essentially a case in which reiteration is necessary.

Long before the first English ship loaded her first chest of tea in the Pearl River, Canton had been the recognized focus and fountain-head of political disturbances in China, the home of piracy and breeding-ground of secret societies. The geographical and climatic conditions of the south-eastern maritime provinces are reflected in racial characteristics and a social structure which is easily distinguishable from those of Central and Northern China; commerce by sea and increasing intercourse with foreigners have produced in their inhabitants qualities of physical and mental alertness which are lacking in the more rigidly localized population of the interior. They have been called the Irish of China, and they certainly resemble the Irish in that by tradition and temperament they are always "agin the Government," in politics addicted to treasons, stratagems and spoils, and possessed of a fierce lust of office. Long after the rest of the country had accepted the rule of the Manchus, Kuangtung and Kuanghsi persisted in guerilla warfare. When their open resistance had been crushed, it lingered on in the secret activities of the Triad Society and other anti-dynastic movements, until it broke out again in the Taiping rebellion. Sun Yat-Sen's revolutionary movement finally succeeded in overthrowing the dynasty (1911) chiefly because, in addition to directing the irreconcilable spirit of the Cantonese to new methods of agitation, it derived financial resources of an important kind from the wealthy communities of Cantonese emigrants overseas. Great numbers of these, resident in the British Colonies and Dominions, were proud to assist in establishing the predominance of their province in Chinese affairs. The atavistic antagonism between Northern and Southern China has not been lessened in recent years by the fact

that the Kuang provinces control a virtual monopoly of Trans-Pacific migration, and that their political ideas reflect to a great extent the influence of powerful semi-denationalized communities overseas. Those who speak confidently of a restoration of national unity under the auspices of the Cantonese Government are apt to overlook these things and the fact of the hereditary and very real antagonism between North and South; one must have studied it on the spot to appreciate its far-reaching effects. On the one hand, the Cantonese, especially when in authority, are never at pains to conceal their contempt for the slower-witted Northerner; on the other hand, anyone who has talked politics with the Tuchuns of the North knows that their opinion of the Cantonese is much the same to-day as that which Kiying expressed to Mr. Caleb Cushing, the American Minister in 1844. "The Cantonese," he said, "are by temper overbearing and violent. Fiery banditti are numerous among them—an idle, vagrant lot who set in motion innumerable schemes in order to disturb the peace between China and other countries."

The sympathy which has been shown in this country and in America for the Cantonese party is naturally inspired by their professed belief in democratic ideas and representative institutions, and by the fact that most of the leaders of the party have been drawn from the foreign-educated type of intellectual, whose bold diplomacy has been so conspicuous of late years at Washington and Geneva. It is important to remember that, even before the overthrow of the dynasty, the Cantonese who held high posts at Peking under the immediate patronage of the Viceroy, Li Hung-chang, were (with one notable exception) men who had finished their education in the United States or in England. Tang Shao-yi, Wu Ting-fang, Wen Tsung-yao and Liang Tun-yen, to name the most distinguished of those who served under the Empress Dowager, were cultured and courteous individuals who could hold their own with the best in any country; but I may say without fear of contradiction that no one who knew them could ever doubt that they were wholly convinced of the ineffable superiority of China over all other nations, and in their hearts as strongly resentful of the intrusion of the West as the most hard-shelled

Northerner could be. As graduates of English and American Universities, they had learned to express themselves on such subjects somewhat more tactfully than did their forbears in the days of the East India Company, but their real sentiments were unmistakably the same, and they lent their support to the ancestral policy of exclusion as a matter of inherited instinct. To-day, we see Mr. Eugene Chen following in the footsteps of Sun Yat-sen, and adapting to his ends the war-weariness of Europe and the insidious propaganda of Bolshevism, but the policy which obviously underlies all his political rant and rhetoric is still the policy of his ancestors, "China for the Chinese (beginning with the Cantonese) and out with the foreigner."

To attribute the latest activities and policies of the Cantonese party to a newly-awakened spirit of nationalism is therefore absurd. 'Tis an old story, this tale of the "awakening of China." It was first told, to make Europe's flesh creep, by the Marquis Tseng, Envoy to the Court of St. James, who wrote a famous article about it in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* fifty years ago. Since then, the vision of the yellow peril militant has appeared with all the regularity of the sea-serpent, either sponsored in good faith, or for political purposes, by persons of imaginative mind. I do not mean to imply that the Chinese people, and notably the Cantonese, are not imbued with patriotic sentiments of a kind: they undoubtedly are. What I wish to emphasize is, that the sentiments which inspire Mr. Eugene Chen and his colleagues in their anti-foreign movement are precisely the same, in their origins and objects, as those which inspired their forefathers, and that this movement is no more national, or inspired by definite patriotic ideals (in the Western sense of these words), than was, for example, the Boxer rising. The national consciousness of the Chinese people (supremely indifferent to politics) has always manifested itself in a combination of racial pride and exclusiveness. From the Governor in his Yamen down to the ragpicker at the city gates, every true son of Han despises the foreigner and would gladly welcome a restoration of the splendid isolation of the Middle Kingdom. This having repeatedly proved to be unattainable, the masses (though by nature passive and peaceful) can always be relied upon

to display hostility to the foreigner, if incited to believe that danger threatens their ancestral homes or their means of livelihood. But only the wilfully blind can attribute the activities of the Cantonese faction to a genuine national movement, and it will be time enough to give them credit for patriotic ideals when their own countrymen do so—when they have produced a group of citizens, or even a single leader, in whom the nation at large is prepared to repose confidence as regards the handling of public funds. This has never yet occurred, and until it does, all Mr. Eugene Chen's rhetoric about nationalism, feudalism, and Imperialism is mere flap-doodle—the stuff that fools are fed on.

Those who profess to see in the programme and personnel of the Cantonese party the hope of a stable, effective and honest government would be well advised to study the records of the Kuomintang and of the Military Government of Canton under the administration of Sun Yat-sen and his followers. When Yuan Shih-k'ai first came into conflict with Sun's Republican schemes in 1911, he predicted that their result would be "chaos, amidst which all interests would suffer, and for several decades there would be no peace in the Empire." Grimly has his prophecy been fulfilled. After his death in 1916, and ever since, the Southerners have made great profession of their determination to put an end to militarism (by force of arms) and to restore the unity of China, but it has been clearly manifest from the outset that, in the matter of genuine patriotism and integrity in the public service, there was nothing to choose between the men who ruled the Southern Republic and the predatory satraps of the North. It is the fashion in England and America to idealize Sun Yat-sen; he has been canonized by the Independent Labour Party, and one American Minister to China (who subsequently became financial adviser to the Chinese Government) has described him as "a great Chinese Liberal, true to China's traditions and to the ideals which Americans believe in." Sun Yat-sen was certainly not lacking in the profession of political idealism, but in practice he was true to the traditions of Chinese officialdom, which are nothing if not practical. Apart from his long and intimate association with Japanese financiers and his acceptance of a highly-paid post at the hands of Yuan Shih-k'ai, there is no evidence that

he ever even attempted to use his great influence and authority for any constructive purpose of reorganization, or reform. The whole record of his political party, the Kuomintang, for the past eight years has been a welter of sordid conspiracies, unredeemed by any evidence of self-denying public spirit. It has now culminated in the party's acceptance of the doctrines and dollars of Bolshevism for the promotion of its own ends, as frankly predatory as those of any bandit-ruled faction in the land. Lest I be thought unduly prejudiced in this matter, let me quote the opinion of a Cantonese eye-witness as to the results of the struggle between rival factions during Sun Yat-sen's administration :—

"Kuangtung," he wrote in the *North China Herald*, "which has always been reputed to be the most progressive and most prosperous province in China, is alleged to have been reduced to poverty and to a state of debt amounting to not less than $50,000,000, simply because of the misrule, the avarice, the corruption and the incompetency of the Kuangsi party in Kuangtung, in spite of the fact that they have bled the province of every cash by all kinds of illegal methods."

Another Cantonese writer (Mr. S. G. Cheng, author of "Modern China"), while sympathizing with Sun Yat-sen's belief in ready-made Republicanism as a regenerating force, is under no delusions as to the patriotic ideals of his following. He puts the truth of the matter, indeed, with artless frankness.

For military operations against the North" (he writes) "the South depends on Governors who are just as selfish as their northern colleagues. It also receives, as its allies, brigands or military leaders who have some personal grievance against the North and who desire to gratify their greed or ambition by taking advantage of the quarrel between the Constitutionalists and the Militarists. Among the Army Commanders of the South, many have no sympathy at all with the democratic aspirations of the Constitutionalists, but fight their own battle under the cloak of a good cause. This hopeless state of affairs is acknowledged and deplored by the Southern leader, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who summarises the situation by saying that the struggle of military leaders for supremacy is equally rampant in the South and in the North.

Small wonder if the astute politicians of Moscow have found under such conditions a wealth of material ready to their hands; small wonder also that the Cantonese should have jumped at the opportunity of establishing their supremacy over their rivals by the aid of Bolshevik money and methods of organized agitation. But to discern the prospect of an efficient and stable national

Government being produced from such materials, one must be possessed of the sort of faith which consists in believing things which are obviously untrue. Nevertheless, as I have said, the only possible justification for the policy which the British Government has adopted in dealing with the Chinese situation lies in the assumption that such a Government can and will be produced by the Cantonese-Bolshevik faction. From which the conclusion may fairly be drawn that we are, in fact, selling our rights in the Far East for a mess of Red pottage.

A word in conclusion concerning Mr. Eugene Chen, who (to his own amazement) has been recognized by Great Britain as the responsible representative of the Cantonese Government. It is an interesting fact that both the leaders of what professes to be a patriotic national movement should have been born and educated abroad. Mr. Chen, like Sun Yat-sen, is a typical representative of the hybrid Intellectual class; as late as 1917, when in prison at Peking, he claimed the protection of H.M. Legation as a British subject. His success in establishing Cantonese control over the greater part of Southern China has not been brought about by any superiority of the military forces at his disposal, but simply by his adroit use of Bolshevik propaganda in organizing for his purposes the lawless, the malcontents and the "submerged tenth." His so-called Nationalist Government has attained to power by organizing the lowest strata of society into Labour Unions (there is even a Robbers' and a Prostitutes' Union) and instigating them to support of his anti-foreign agitation by promises of capital levies and much loot. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and those who share his views really discern in the activities of the "Nationalist" movement prospects so hopeful that they justify immediate recognition of China's claim to be an "independent and self-governing nation," it may safely be said that the Chinese themselves are under no such delusion—witness the "slump" in their money market, which has followed the Peking satraps' interference with the foreign administration of the Customs. We shall all live and learn, at no small cost, that this "Nationalist" movement represents neither the conscious aspirations nor the genuine sentiments of the Chinese people, but only the ambitions and interests of a small and semi-alien class.

The Liberal and Labour Land Policies

By Sir John L. Green, O.B.E.

THERE is much in common in the land policies of the Liberal and Labour Parties. Both seek to get rid of the owners of land; both criticize such owners on the score of their alleged inefficiencies; both involve the creation of a huge horde of officials up and down the kingdom; both offer bribes to the least-informed, but not least-deserving section of the rural community—the agricultural workers; both profess a great interest in the tenant farmers; and both adopt the principles of land nationalization.

Nothing daunted by past failures, Mr. Lloyd George now for the fifth or sixth time propounds a new land policy; and this, like his former attempts, is to settle the rural problem. Equally undaunted, and with unconscious irony, Mr. MacDonald and his friends, nearly all of whom are townsmen, have propounded a policy for country people, which is also to settle their affairs. These town politicians would resent country people propounding a policy for the urban industries, and rightly so; but they never seem to think how ironical it appears to country people that they themselves should adopt such an attitude toward the rural population.

What, however, is the motive that causes the Liberal and Labour Parties to formulate their schemes and to ask the nation to adopt them?

Mr. Lloyd George thinks the present land system has broken down, and when we delve into what he means by this pronouncement, we find it declared that farmers are not properly cultivating their land, whilst this in turn is said to be due to owners not being able, as formerly, to provide capital for the permanent equipment and upkeep of their estates. He seems to forget that only a few years ago he said there were few "slack" farmers; whilst to get over the difficulties of landowners in the matter referred to he definitely promised (in 1919) to establish a system of agricultural credit under which these same owners should, on easy terms, be able to obtain money to provide

all the necessary equipment for their properties. He was Prime Minister when he made this promise, but he went out of office, not only without doing anything to carry it into effect, but without even *attempting* to do so. He now asks farmers to trust him. As a matter of fact, there is not a farmers' organization throughout the country which has passed one resolution in favour of his policy.

Mr. MacDonald starts by making a very similar charge when he says that, the landlord having ceased to supply the necessary capital (which is not true as a general statement), British farming is greatly handicapped and the owners ought therefore to be cleared out.

It does not seem to occur either to Mr. Lloyd George or to Mr. MacDonald that, as common sense dictates, it would be wiser to use a race of men, such as the landowners of this country, than simply to clear them out; for, after all, when they are cleared out, they must live, and the most either politician proposes to do in their interest is to make them State pensioners for a longer or shorter period of time. To install either of the new policies would probably cost the nation, one way or another, two or three millions a year; and where is the sense of saddling the community with this expense when to-day the whole cost of managing the land—and on the whole, very successfully—is being borne free of cost to the State by the existing owners and their land agents? Such a consideration does not appear to weigh with politicians out vote-catching.

The Liberal policy proposes to buy out the landowners by the payment of a capital sum, in bonds, or by an annuity based on the capitalized value of the existing rents. This would be grossly unfair to the best type of landowners, who, as is well known, never exact the high rents of which ignorant people are so often told. Such landowners, therefore, would not get the real value of their estates. As to the payment in bonds, the owner might, or might not, be able to sell these at par value on the open market and so obtain his capital in that way; but, if there were large sales, the bonds would depreciate, and that would be equally a gross injustice to the owners. As for the annuity, this, in the great majority of cases, for the reason stated, would be below the real rental

value of the properties; and it is obvious that a similar injustice would be sustained.

The land policy of the Labour Party proposes to pay off the landowners on the basis of Schedule A; which means that they would be compensated in accordance with the return of income they make for income tax purposes. This, too, would be grossly unfair; because, as already stated, it is well known that the great body of landowners do not get as much rent out of their land as they could do if they chose to demand a rack rent. The owners have almost invariably shown the greatest consideration to their tenants in this matter, and on the more wealthy properties they have done all sorts of repairs and improvements without charging a fair business interest on the outlay. Having done so they would be penalized under the Labour Party's proposals. Mr. MacDonald says that the most practical way to acquire the freehold of the land is to give land bonds to the owners; which are to be redeemable by a sinking fund provided from the rent of the land. Just consider what this means. Suppose in any given case that the rent of a farm at the moment of taking over by the State is, for example, the same as it is to-day. The tenant, therefore, would be expected to pay his rent and also to pay the sinking fund for the redemption of the land bonds! This is making the tenant pay for land of which he never becomes the owner! On the other hand, if the State has got to pay the sinking fund, then the taxpayers would be called upon to supply the money; and, if we are to apply this system to all the agricultural land in the kingdom, the taxpayers would be let into a pretty heavy expenditure.

Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald say they propose to give security of tenure to the farmer; but this proposition is pure eyewash in both cases. The former, amongst the great number of public bodies which he proposes to set up, makes provision enabling one of them, called the County Land Office, to take from the cultivators any land which it thinks well at any time. Security of tenure is not possible under such circumstances. Moreover, he proposes to set apart a certain amount of land for every agricultural worker; and, in addition, to set

up an extensive system of small holdings. To the extent to which land for these various purposes is obtained, to that extent will farmers cease to have security of tenure.

Mr. MacDonald, on the subject of tenure, says that the present agreements, customs, and conditions will continue only so long as may be thought desirable. This pronouncement will make every tenant, whether of a small holding or of an ordinary farm feel thoroughly unsettled, wondering what is going to happen to him. Further, he proposes to give extraordinary powers to the County Agricultural Committee he wishes to set up in every county; for this body is to have authority to cultivate land itself "on a considerable scale." It is explained, as a sort of afterthought, that *such public farming will not entirely supersede tenant farming*; but surely the explanation indicates pretty clearly what the framers of the policy of the Labour Party are aiming at. They intend, sooner or later, to get *all* land farmed by County Agricultural Committees.

Further, farmers should remember that their rents are not likely to remain as low as most of them are to-day, for it is the object of both the Liberal and Labour Parties to get as much money out of the land as possible, and that would be done by one means or another, the increase of rents forming part of the process. Under both policies the County public body which would be set up is to have all sorts of control over the cultivators and all sorts of possibilities of making complaints; and we may rest assured that, unless the cultivators fell in with the wishes of their official masters, they would be turned out, or their rents increased. Under the Liberal land policy the rents would have to be paid to the tax collector. Such collectors have never been noted for extracting less than their full pound of flesh.

The Liberal land policy holds out to agricultural workers the right to half an acre of land apiece; a living wage; cottages and gardens not tied to particular farms; and opportunities of obtaining small holdings. As to the living wage, which is also a part of Mr. MacDonald's policy, this is already secured under the Agricultural Wages Act of 1924. There is no better plan to obtain

cottages for the rural workers than that recently set going by the Prime Minister by means of the Small Holdings and Allotments Act, 1926. Under this any agricultural worker can obtain a freehold cottage and a quarter of an acre up to three acres of land from the County Council, without paying a penny piece of the purchase money down at the time of taking possession. He pays off the whole of the purchase money over a period of years, half-yearly as rent. For small holdings the same Act gives similar facilities. A "small" holding, it may be mentioned, is anything from one acre up to fifty, or if larger than that, up to £100 rateable value. The Labour Party's policy for the worker follows in the wake of the Liberal Party's.

It should be remembered that the wages of agricultural workers in our country are already higher than in most others; that the opportunities of obtaining land here are not surpassed in any country in the world; and that the improvements going on every day around us are also probably unequalled in any civilized country. There are all sorts of agencies existing to improve the lot of the farm workers, to say nothing of the Statutes directed to that special end, and it is fatuous to suppose that by the mere passing of further legislation much more can be done in this direction. What is wanted is that the Acts now on the Statute Book should be put into operation; when, I venture to say, they will satisfy all reasonable requirements. It is, therefore, the duty of all men of good will to see that this is done.

I have made some observations on the Liberal and Labour land policies, as affecting the owners, tenants, and workers. Some further details, however, appear to be desirable in order to elucidate the extraordinary character of these policies.

The Liberal policy, for instance, involves the setting up of no fewer than ten or eleven brand-new public bodies. There are, for instance, to be :—

1. A Central Agricultural Loans Board, with its various officials;
2. A County Loan Board in every county, with its various officials;

3. A County Agricultural Authority in every county, with its officials;
4. Land Commissioners for each county, with their officials;
5. A Land Court, with its officials;
6. A Central Land Fund, with its officials;
7. A County Land Office in every county, with its officials;
8. A Rural Housing Board, with its officials;
9. A Survey Commission, with its officials;
10. A Commission on Co-operation, with its officials; and
11. A much-enlarged Ministry of Agriculture at the head of all, with its officials.

Under the Labour Party's policy there is to be a County Agricultural Committee set up in every county; the members of which (like the members of the Liberal County Agricultural Committee) are to be paid their expenses, and for the time given in the service of the Committee. We are not told of how many members the Committee is to consist, but, as in the Liberal scheme, it will probably be as large as an ordinary County Council, i.e. contain from 70 to 100 members. If we multiply either of these totals by the number of counties in England and Wales, we shall get an idea of the number of officials working on these various bodies. Further, the Labour County Agricultural Committee will in each case consist, not of direct representatives of the farmers and workers, but partly of representatives chosen by organizations; these being dominated by the remainder of the members, who are to be appointed by the Minister of Agriculture! In this way Socialism from the top will be practised and enforced on the farming community. There is also to be a London Commission under the control of the Minister of Agriculture, and this will have to assist it: (*a*) a Finance Commissioner; (*b*) a Methods of Cultivation Commissioner; (*c*) a Transport Commissioner; (*d*) a Power Commissioner; (*e*) a Marketing and Distribution Commissioner; and (*f*) a Labour Commissioner. Moreover, the County Agricultural Committee will also have associated with it (*a*) a Letting Subcommittee; (*b*) an Equipment Subcommittee; (*c*) a Proper Use of Land Subcommittee; (*d*) a Collection of Rents Subcommittee;

(*e*) an Education Subcommittee; (*f*) a Livestock Subcommittee; (*g*) a Fertilizers Subcommittee; (*h*) a Feeding Stuffs Subcommittee; (*i*) a Transport Subcommittee; and (*j*) a Marketing Subcommittee.

It will be seen, therefore, that under the Liberal and Labour policies, whatever else there would be, there would certainly be a huge horde of officials in every county throughout the land, coupled with control from London. Agriculturists may be excused if they prefer to remain under the existing system. We have had some experience of bureaucrats trying to farm land since the war; and we know from their official reports that some hundreds of thousands of pounds have been lost in the process. This money has to be made good by the taxpayers. It is worth while considering what that means. Taxpayers are the general community. Taxation is imposed partly by Income Tax, etc., and partly by taxes on such things as tea, sugar, tobacco, beer, spirits, wines, coffee, cocoa, sultanas, raisins, and a few other articles, most of which enter into the domestic consumption of every household in the land. When we are told that the taxpayers have to make up losses, whether in the cultivation of land or in anything else, we should realize that taxation on such commodities as those alluded to is increased because of such losses. It is, therefore, vitally important for us to consider whether we should allow either Liberal or Labour politicians to work their own sweet will in foisting new, fantastic, expensive, and impracticable schemes on the country, or whether we should tell them we prefer to be without both them and their nostrums.

Denmark is constantly cited by Mr. Lloyd George as being a country to copy; but, in Denmark, over 90 per cent. of the occupiers *own* their land, and it is part of Mr. Lloyd George's proposals that the English farmers and smallholders shall not own any land at all.

The Labour Party, too, constantly refer to the success of small cultivators upon the Continent; but they, too, forget that that success is due, to a large extent, to occupying-ownerships. Whether we go to Denmark, Holland, Germany, Belgium, France, or Italy we find that cultivating-owners exist on an enormous and increasing scale.

Then, too, we are urged to adopt co-operation so common abroad. Here again it is because occupying-ownership is the system that co-operation is successful. Without such ownership there would be very little co-operation in Denmark, Holland, Germany, and elsewhere to-day. These facts are quite well known to students of the rural problem, but they do not appear to be known to Liberal and Labour politicians.

Referring to Denmark again, Mr. Lloyd George has asked whether Free Trade England is to fail when Free Trade Holland and Denmark succeed. This begs the question, for neither Holland nor Denmark is Free Trade. Denmark taxes 364 classes of goods, including certain foodstuffs, whilst Holland taxes 150, including fodder and many household articles of consumption.

Some of the Liberal speakers have recently said that rents have doubled during the past hundred years in this country, and this remark is made solely as a further means of having a fling at the landowners; but, in Mr. Lloyd George's own book published in 1926, he himself declares that rents in 1913–14 were practically the same as a hundred years earlier. He cannot have it both ways.

On the subject of hours of labour, particularly as regards the forty-eight hour week, the Liberals shirk a decision, which is perhaps natural. Everybody knows, however, that to fix a hard and fast rule for an industry which (unlike urban trade) is subject to climatic conditions and where livestock have to fed and doctored, is not a common-sense system; but Mr. Lloyd George in the book alluded to contrives to give the impression that he is both for and against the forty-hour week. That is not a straightforward attitude.

Mr. Lloyd George, too, says that his policy would make for the establishment of rural industries, which he strongly favours. It may be pointed out that during his Premiership a Department of Rural Industries was started at the Ministry of Agriculture and was highly successful, but that he closed it down before he left office. Yet he now talks about reviving rural industries!

Finally, he gives a number of instances of what he calls the success of small men. I have examined these. In the first case he mentions the man was a gardener,

who, after getting on a bit, *bought* his farm. In the second, a Dane who farmed in England is cited; and this man puts his success down to "education first, last, and all the time," not a word being said by him about the new proposal of cultivating farms under the State! In a third case, another Dane who farmed in England *bought* his farm. That settled the question of tenure for him! And so on in other cases.

Mr. MacDonald, in defending the Labour policy against officialdom, says that under a system of public ownership of land every endeavour would be made to minimize bureaucratic tendencies, and to extend the co-operative efforts of those who seek to find their life's work in the development of agriculture. On the former point we need only say that the mere statement on a previous page of the official bodies to be created under his policy is a disproof of his endeavour to "minimize bureaucratic tendencies," whilst as to the "co-operative efforts," it is not quite clear what he means. If he means that by co-operation in farming greater success could be achieved than by the present race of farmers, it may be pointed out that existing co-operative societies, owning scores of thousands of acres of land, have now given up the job of farming as a hopeless proposition. This is the more surprising when it is remembered that such societies (unlike farmers) have at their disposal scores of thousands of retail shops for the disposal of the co-operatively produced agricultural commodities. With all these facilities the co-operative societies and the industrial provident societies have failed disastrously.

The plain fact is that if the Liberal policy or the Labour policy were adopted, those who cultivate land in this country—whether farmers, smallholders, market gardeners, or allotment holders—would be placed in shackles and thraldom throughout their lives. The nation was mainly built up by a stalwart race of peasant proprietors and yeoman farmers, whilst the freedom we to-day enjoy is due largely and chiefly to their efforts. We are asked to upset all this and to adopt the expensive and very foolish proposals criticized in this article. It may safely be predicted that the more country people know of such policies, the less they will have to do with them, and in that hope we may find some comfort.

London Traffic

By Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G., M.P.

(Director, London Underground Electric Railways)

THE traffic of London is not a concern alone of its user and operator. It is a matter in which public discussion, even by those, if such there be, who have never met its present problems, is of value. Transport is the foundation of all commerce, of all social well-being, indeed; of all development of thought.

Religion, crime, and travel have been the leading causes of discussion since civilization began, and of these the last is not only the subject, but the means by which interchange of opinion and knowledge becomes possible. Without the civilizing, or paganizing, effects of transport there would have been little history for Mr. Wells to "outline," and still less deduction of prehistoric facts.

The debt is not one-sided. In the opening lines of his most renowned work, the father of English poetry writes:

> When April with his showers sweet
> The drought of March has pierced to the root,
> And bathed every vein in such liquor,
> Of which virtue engendered is the flower:
> Then long folk to go on pilgrimages.

words which, with all our modern resources, remain a model for transport publicity. Is it unreasonable to suggest that the host of the Tabard Inn, watching the effects of April's showers on his weekly returns, sought to advertise the joys of springtime travel?

Let us, however, turn from travel, with its store of romance, to London traffic, Anno Domini 1927. It is strange, in considering London communications, that, without great imagination, it is almost easier to contemplate the conditions of the distant future than those of the recent past or the solution of present troubles.

When we remember the constantly accelerated rate at which non-physical communications are advancing, we can picture a future state in which physical communication almost ceases; telephones in which earnest discussions are not liable to arbitrary interruption, and television giving, not the picture of spotted pugilists in a spotted ring, but views—as instantaneous as the trans-

mission of sound—of persons, documents, and the like, with whom, or by means of which, we transact our daily affairs. When we have these and can discern and discuss across space, as we now do only after bodily movement, then one may imagine transport employed merely to take us to golf or other such voluntary physical exertions. That, a condition of a still perhaps distant future, is more understandable than the near past.

To us it is now an extraordinary conundrum how our elder brothers of the 'nineties contrived to carry on their city avocations. The fact remains that they did, and, paradoxically, in our efforts to progress in transport we have produced a congestion which threatens to throw us back to where they stood, or rather walked.

It is generally agreed that the ideal to attain is the maximum, most silent, safest, and most rapid flow of communication: a modern ideal, for speed over land was much the same under George IV as it was in the world of Solomon. What is true of national and international communications is true also of London's transport. It is to the nineteenth century that we owe development. The history of this change in London movement is one of successive pioneer efforts, rewarded generally by an initial failure, but leading eventually to a technical success that, in the aggregate, is almost too effective.

A hundred years ago Londoners had three means of transport: *the privately-owned*—that is the cob, the barouche, and the gig; *the hired*—the hackney carriage, involving payment of any fare demanded, or a heated settlement; and, finally, *the vehicle of the great majority*—the human leg. Merchant princes lived in the city or within easy horse-distance. The less well-to-do walked. Greater London was a physical impossibility. Then, in 1829, came the foundation-stone of the whole business—George Shillibeer's three-horse bus running between Marylebone Road and the Bank at a fare of 1s. It was soon threatened by mechanical power inspired by the opening of the Manchester–London railway, for in 1833 Hancock's steam bus was put on the same service at half the fare. This had, of course, a low mechanical efficiency, but its greatest handicap was highway restrictions, including the red flag: in this respect, at any rate, not an emblem of progress. It failed, but in its short existence it

forced the re-design of horse-drawn vehicles, which were made smaller and more handily operative.

The next twenty years, however, saw only quantitative progress. Then, in 1851, the first double-deck vehicle, the "Knife-board," was introduced. Five years later a French undertaking, the parent by some three years of the London General Omnibus Company, purchased 600 of the buses then running, reduced and in some degree standardized fares, and improved the vehicle by means of a public competition. In 1861 London's first trams were laid down, only to be taken up again at the command of the old vestries, and railed transport went underground between Bishop's Road and Farringdon Street, and from Kensington High Street to Westminster. In these services the popular conception of the lower regions was emphasized, as many of us can remember, with a thickly sulphurous atmosphere.

A few years passed and, in 1870, the first of the permanent tramways (then, of course, horse-drawn) was opened between Clapham Road and Upper Kennington Lane. Except for the extension of existing means of transport, the 'seventies were barren, and the 'eighties gave us only the present-day staircase to the bus-top, and the cable and steam trams. Between 1890 and 1900, however, was placed the very corner-stone of progress. It began with the first electric tube railway—the City and South London, with a three-mile route length—and ended with the "Locomotives on Highways Act," to which we owe all the benefits and difficulties of our present transport system.

Almost immediately came a succession of mechanical vehicles—steam, electric, and petrol—all, however, of brief memory. Nevertheless, the possiblities of this new competition urged railway and tramway operators to advance. In 1900 the Central London Railway started the era of development to our present fifty-five miles of modern tube railways, and the following year London's first electric trams—the services linking Hammersmith, Kew, Shepherd's Bush, and Acton—were initiated.

Experiment with motor-buses continued. The London General Omnibus Company alone built and tried thirty-one experimental types before 1910, when they produced

the standard "B" type, now an honoured veteran of the war. A year later the surviving pair of a one-time stable of 18,000 sterling friends of both war and peace service made their last public journey in London.

So, with the electrification of suburban railways, we had in principle the traffic system of petrol bus, electric train, tram and underground service that we have to-day in Greater London—a service which, when war broke out in 1914, was generally adequate to the needs of the public, and rapidly extending the area and capital wealth of the first city of the Empire, while as yet producing few of the disadvantages of its revolutionary changes.

These came after the war. Throughout that four-year period, little thought and little or no constructive effort could be given to the future of London's transport. During the war the population of the capital was practically stationary at 7,350,000. But the traffic handling of the normal increase, which began again in 1919, was complicated by housing shortage and resultant congestion. Of still greater effect were the psychological changes. Women were emancipated and they travelled; children were in large degree emancipated and they travelled. Men, women, and children developed a restlessness which in all classes has expressed itself in travelling. The home had become the G.H.Q. of our existence, and not its arena. An annual average of 300 journeys a head in 1913 has risen to 500. Whether this is a good or a bad thing, the fact remains that, with the costs of providing transport services raised in every direction, without this increased market for transport facilities necessary business travel could only be carried out at fares which would certainly not be in the public interest.

To develop that thought a little farther, there is an automatic check on the rapacity of transport undertakings. The travelling public ultimately fix the fares. A fare scale set too high confines the other factor upon which the returns on transport are based—quantity. But if, having found the combination of fare and quantity which gives the greatest possible revenue, you then find that the revenue does not meet costs and give a return on the capital employed, it is not the operator alone who suffers. It is the public who jeopardize the raising of

further capital necessary for maintaining and developing their services.

Let us return, however, to the traffic problem itself. The post-war deficiencies in service were met by the provision of more surface vehicles and vehicles of greater capacity and performance—the omnibus seat mileage of 3,700 million in 1913 was raised to 9,450 million in 1926—and by the extension and improvement of tube facilities. So that to-day we have from the underground group of companies alone, surface and subway, over 1,000 miles of route carrying some 1,850 millions of passengers a year.

Two deficiencies, however, are prominent. In certain localities, notably, of course, the central area and the vicinity of the docks, there is surface congestion almost beyond handling. Mechanical transport with its shorter length, increased load capacity, and greater speed was introduced to accelerate traffic. It did so; but by its very success it is failing. Traffic blocks traffic, and as congestion increases speed diminishes. On the other hand, in some outlying districts, such as the N.E. and S.E., where the development of underground communication to the City has not kept pace with the growth in density and the outward spread of population, there is a paucity of facilities.

Both these troubles arise from hard, economic facts. The solution of transport deficiencies by motor-bus was both the easier to carry out and the more promising in its economic results. No great capital is required to put a bus on the road, no great technical experience to keep it there. Moreover, experience gives ground for anticipating that it can win on the coconuts enough to make it remunerative, if not to recoup itself, on the necessary but unremunerative swings of London's traffic fair.

Development of tube services was not neglected. They give a speed of eighteen miles an hour in comparison with the 9·1 m.p.h. on the surface in normal areas, and 7·2 in congested districts, or, to put it in concrete form, they reduce a two-hour journey between Edgware and Morden to one hour. But they presented and present far more difficult economic problems. Railways require a higher degree of technical knowledge than bus operation

and a great outlay of capital on both operative and power plant—capital which, once expended, is largely immobile. The unsuccessful tram or tube cannot be picked up and transported to a more promising theatre; and experience and enhanced costs give no great encouragement to such outlay in London.

So it arises that the bus creates congestion by its development; congestion which is a vast economic waste both actually and potentially in power and speed, not only for the operator of transport, but for the millions who have to move about on their lawful business occasions. And, on the other hand, the underground railway presents another problem—inadequacy of service, by the uncertainty which prevents its advance coincidentally with the spread of its utility.

There is a third problem—the tram. Admittedly, there is quite a lot about the tram that is not pleasant. In fact, if one had to turn out Press copy and were feeling ill and depressed, the blatant vices of the tram as we have too long known it—the tram of a year or two ago which still has a large numerical ascendancy—would be a congenial subject. It offends the eye—a pterodactyl among vehicles. Its voice is metallic and unrhythmical. It not infrequently also offends the nostrils and leaves a hard impression on other parts of the anatomy. Still, though hidden, its virtues exist. When I hear people metaphorically wiping the tram off the face of the earth, I wonder whether they realize they are abolishing what is the main traffic carrier of nearly every provincial, foreign, and Imperial city in the world. Further, I wonder if they realize how much of the burden of road-making and road-keeping the tramways carry. I do not refer here to municipal tramway undertakings, where the matter is one of book-keeping, but to the tramways owned and operated by public companies. They have had to build bridges, to drive new roads and to widen and pave them over the length and breadth of their entire surface, including the flagging of footpaths. And always they have to bear the cost of roadway maintenance. In the last eight years the privately-owned London trams have spent 1¾ million pounds on road and track maintenance, including reconstruction and renewals, of which sum

certainly more than one million was occasioned by wear and damage from vehicles other than tramcars.

Again, to this must be added interest charges on the cost of providing roads, equivalent to an annual charge, quite independent of track costs, of some £140,000. These charges represent a sum of about £490 per tram per year compared with the motor-buses' annual licence of £84 up to December 31, 1926, and now of £108 per annum. Abolish the tram, and you must find a new source of revenue to meet costs which are at present out of all proportion to the use made by those who now pay them. That, however unpleasant, might be done. What I suggest one could not do—at all events for some time—is to replace by other surface means the capacity of the tram for doing the job when it is most necessary for the job to be done.

Tramways with their great capacity per vehicle, are, in the present state of vehicular development, indispensable for the movement of morning and evening loads along the main arteries. Take, as an instance, the uncontested figures given before the London Traffic Committee's public inquiry: 12,000 passengers an hour travel, by bus or tram, from Finsbury Park in the peak hours. Tram and bus do the same amount of work, each carrying 6,000 passengers an hour. Yet 125 buses occupy the road and only eighty-five trams.

And to those who point to the tram as an obstruction to other traffic, I would remark that, while it is undoubtedly inflexible, and during loading and unloading away from the pavement is a serious general traffic handicap, yet its predestined grooves keep it in exactly that position on the road where it blocks less space in proportion to its carrying capacity than any free-running vehicle. Further, the average annual speed of the London trams (9·6 miles per hour) is, in fact, above that of the petrol bus.

Unless and until, then, we have something which will do the work they do, the solution of the tram problem is to endeavour to mend, not to end. They do essential work; but as things are, they do not pay. On the other hand, given the chance, they can undoubtedly reduce many of those factors which tend against public popularity.

That they are belatedly, but none the less thoroughly, endeavouring to do, and the new luxury tram, the first step towards this progress, is a cousin very far removed from the tram we have learnt to picture. As I have said, I hold no brief for the trams, and, generally speaking, I certainly do not think that new tracks should be laid down; but to declare that they must be scrapped is absurd. That they may gradually disappear and be replaced by other methods may be true, but, for the reasons I have stated, they must certainly be given a further economic chance.

We come back to the problems of congestion and of deficiency of service. How can we increase the present capacity for travel in the crowded areas? This is not, unfortunately, one of those problems, like the answering of letters, which are solved by the unaided passage of time. The pint pot holds a pint and no more. When you have more good liquor to be held, you must either get a bigger or an additional pot.

We must not forget that it is not only the public vehicle crowded with passengers that uses the City highways. London has over 8,000 taxis, of which the greater proportion circulate in the more congested areas. It has an unrecorded number, probably at least 150,000, of privately-owned motor vehicles; a number which grows, and will continue to grow, yearly to prodigious proportions with the spread of cheap and reliable production. It has an unknown but inconvenient quantity of horse-drawn vehicles, mostly commercial. All these move about the streets at diverse speeds and at cross purposes. Here it is significant to note that London's fatal traffic accident record (1925) of eleven persons killed per 100,000 population (which incidentally compares favourably with the eighteen of New York and the twenty-four of Chicago) is in very large degree the responsibility of non-public vehicles; for of this figure of eleven, trams and buses together account for only 2·25 and other street vehicles for 8·75.

Another difficulty is that we have to plan in the future. In 1860 the urban passenger movement in London, by purely local means of transport, was forty million. By 1900 it had risen to over 800 million and

ten years later this figure was doubled with nearly 1,600 million passengers. Fifteen years pass, and, in 1925, this traffic is again doubled. That rate of increase will not necessarily be maintained. The area of a community's occupation is limited by the speed of her fastest means of communication, that is to say, it extends to some forty-five minutes' travel from the centre.

Thus a community which walks has a civic radius of some 2¼ miles or an area of fourteen square miles; horse-drawn, it has a radius of 4½ miles and an area of twenty-eight square miles; petrol-driven, a 7½ mile radius and a forty-eight square mile area; and, as far as we see at the moment, if using express electric trains, a radius of fifteen miles and an area of ninety-five square miles. Yet while there may be a limit to growth of area, density within that area will increase, and so, though at a lessening rate, we have to cater for an ever-growing population and volume of traffic. We have to evolve plans to meet, not the present demand for movement, but that of 1937 and 1947. And not merely passenger movement at that: transport of commodities forms a considerable proportion of their cost, and delays in their transport mean increased cost, lesser demand and lesser production.

In addition, the direction of movement is not stabilized. While the City's business is always expanding, the City's holding capacity approaches saturation. So Temple Bar moves ever westward between the river and the parks. The City in its commercial sense has already spread past Victoria. Where will its boundary be in twenty years? None can tell; but this we can say: while this spread will not solve the present problem of entry to what is broadly the Administrative City of London, new problems of entry into the extended commercial City and of great increase of business travel within it will arise.

These factors mitigate the usefulness of many schemes that have a present value. We can, for instance, to some extent, direct the courses of traffic: with one-way traffic streets, with roundabouts, with scheduled routes for slow-moving traffic, and the like. Excellent palliatives these, but limited in their scope to mere tinkering, and doing almost nothing to meet the future conditions which, year by year, must inevitably become increasingly bad.

There is another and much more important group of reforms which might be undertaken. We might forbid the congested areas and streets to horse-drawn traffic, a very serious step to take, both from the point of view of labour and of the employer who for a certain limited sphere of goods delivery is tending back to the horse-drawn vehicle.

Similarly, we might have to prohibit the entry of private motor cars into the congested areas, a valuable expedient where one private car occupies half the road space of a public vehicle but carries only about one-twelfth of the passengers. But this would be a remedy involving real hardship and restraint on the conduct of the City's affairs, and would not effect a permanent cure.

We can widen thoroughfares and pare off the corners of pavements, eliminate the City's lanes and add to its trunk routes. We can re-situate the springs from which spates of traffic are disgorged, such as railway termini or Covent Garden, though here we are trammelled, and rightly so, by the necessity of considering the amenities and present open spaces of alternative sites such as the Foundling Hospital. We can—indeed, we must—improve cross- or sub-river facilities. We might even induce or compel traffic to use these new facilities. But helpful and necessary as such schemes are, apart altogether from the great cost, suggested by the £27½ million bridge scheme, even they could not continue to meet future needs.

We can go on improving the surface vehicle. The bus of the future will perhaps transport 100 passengers—double the capacity of present vehicles. But that is dealing only with one of the instruments that create congestion; and in any case there is a limit set by the size of thoroughfares and the angle of corners to the capacity of vehicles. Although we have made an advance which allows no further radical changes, we can go on improving the arrangements for transhipment of passengers. We can make an extended substitution of escalators for lifts—the practical method of securing the ideal of synchronizing lift and train—and perhaps separate exits and entrances for lengthy surface vehicles. But these expedients are not going to cure our trouble.

Again, we could go into the air. I am not attempting to crowd imagination, already stressed by aerial prophecy, with a suggestion of aircraft for urban communication, but to consider the overhead railway or roadway. Undoubtedly, by the provision of viaducts at certain crucial points we could alleviate present troubles. That again has a limited scope; and, again, it does not lend itself to expansion side by side with the expansion of the need. And those of us who know the overhead railway of New York will not turn readily to that as a solution.

We have Father Thames, over which, at the first point above river mouth where geological conditions made river-crossing practicable, those who went before us set their bridge. The bridge, although a barrier to sea-going traffic, established London as the distributing, commercial and financial centre of the kingdom. Unfortunately, above the pool of London, the Thames is an obstacle and only in slight degree an aid to communication. The Islanders of Fleet Street, the Drakes of the Temple, and the Vikings of Throgmorton Street might well exercise there the most gracious form of movement, the sailing boat. But it cannot contribute to London's day-by-day passenger needs. It touches no nodal points: it is a creature of ebb and flow of tideway which makes rapid or regular passenger service totally uneconomic.

Turning to reforms of detail, we could mitigate congestion and reduce a number of street accidents by dragooning the pedestrian, as is done at the legalized street crossings of the capital city of the Land of Liberty. But, frankly, I think we have already too many restrictions on the liberty of the individual, and we might at least be allowed to remain masters of our own destinies in crossing the road.

Then we can mitigate a source of delay by aiding drivers with sign and road directions and by a clearer and more uniform system of house numbering in our tortuous and often hidden street layout. Or, again, it would relieve congestion to spread traffic, if we could do so without endangering the nervous system's daily period of rest from noise and vibration, by diverting some of the daytime traffic to night, or by spreading the times of its daily use. That is to say, instead of London's

workers all travelling to and from their work between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m. and of 5 and 7 p.m., the hours of business could with advantage be rearranged, by industries, to give longer periods in which the same quantity of peak traffic could be carried. But all traffic has its individual reasons for the hour at which it travels, and these reasons cannot easily be altered either by legislation or persuasion.

There remains only the possibility of going below ground. There, in deep-set tubes, are speed in the handling of large numbers and expansion to meet growing needs. This also has its difficulty. If I may distort Shakespeare :

> I can commit spirits to the vasty deep,
> But will they go when I call to them?

Occasionally I take a walk through those sepulchral underground passages sunk by local authorities at dangerous crossings. And as my footsteps echo through the empty and erstwhile somewhat smelly passages, I try to estimate the capital and maintenance costs of that short walk. The result is gratifying to the sense of importance; but less pleasing to those who bear the cost. So it is with the tubes. Will the travelling public, and in particular that section which can most advantageously use underground service, go below to an extent sufficient to free surface traffic for its more economic use?

We like to think we are descended from the axolotl and not the earth-worm, and we have a personal predilection for the surface. Possibly the fate of the underground dweller, threatened in "The Time Machine," has encouraged our liking for the kaleidoscopic changes of travel above ground. Further, in degree varying with every individual, the superior advantages of subterranean travel (speed, comfort, convenience and the like) have to be made considerable before they attract to the lower regions. So it will be that, unless special arrangement is made, the surface will always claim the utmost traffic that can be squeezed on to it. Only the overflow will sink below ground. Two results follow :— First, the surface is never economically used because its congestion is permanent. Second, the alternative means of transport, the tube, will invariably lag behind the

need, for the capital costs and risks involved will not be undertaken until the accretions of overflow from the surface, from time to time, are sufficient in bulk to justify them.

If I am right, then, that growth of traffic on the surface causes congestion, but that relieving underground services will not, under existing conditions, be provided in time or in sufficient degree to prevent further surface congestion, is there a practical alternative to present conditions to which we could work with more economy of effort and efficiency in result? Only that, I think, which has now been recommended by the London Traffic Advisory Committee. Where there is no room for waste, co-ordination of efforts must take the place of competition of interests. This is not a London problem alone. It has occurred, or is occurring, in all the great cities of the world. London, of them all, has perhaps done least to meet it. Elsewhere, everywhere, you find the same tendency away from competition and towards co-ordination. Each city has to consider the problem under the light of its own conditions and of its own civic temperaments, and in practice you find considerable variations in applying the principle. You have public enterprise allied to public ownership; public ownership employing private enterprise; private ownership and enterprise subject to public control; and in turn we find public control varying from broad policy to a meticulous concern with administrative detail.

Those three—ownership, management, and control—are, however, the keys to the situation. Obviously you cannot co-ordinate the efforts of contestants, and a single financial interest is essential, if contest is to be avoided. Equally necessary is a common management. The problem, in essence, is to balance the various instruments of transport to meet the varying conditions of transport requirements. You cannot do this as you can meet the grocery requirements of the public by establishing an independent grocery store in every district.

Finally, there is control. If you limit free trade in ownership and management, it is desirable to have an overriding control to which both the public and the operator can look for a judicial examination of their claims.

So we come to common financial interest, common management, and independent control.

It is desirable, perhaps, here to inject one word on the plea sometimes urged for the municipalization of these functions. With the widespread basis on which the credit of a municipality is built, capital can, no doubt, be obtained on better terms than for a single private undertaking, but a knowledge that new capital can be obtained without proof of remunerative use of existing capital is, in itself, a factor that makes for waste and inefficiency. Only the hard necessity of satisfying present and potential subscribers can call out those sustained personal efforts to improve in every detail of administration upon which complete economy and efficiency must depend. In addition, the London traffic area is not the area of a single civic administration. It is the territories of London City, London County, Essex, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Buckinghamshire, Surrey, and Kent. And finally: *vox populi, vox Dei.* If operation is conducted in the name of the public, who is to control the operator?

What is the alternative? In ownership, either by a single great undertaking or multiple undertakings working under an arrangement of pooled losses and profits. Only thus can there be a common interest, but either is practicable. In management you can have a single executive governing a single undertaking; or, provided you have that common financial interest which I have mentioned, you can have a single executive administering more than one undertaking. Co-ordination need not imperil individualism so long as that individualism is efficient. Indeed, if, as is desirable, the suburban traffic of the main railway companies is to be included, a difficult but not an insuperable problem, individualism must obviously remain.

Of control, I think, there is only one practicable solution. It must watch the public interest and it must see justice done to the operator. The bench, in their individual capacities, must in any case be members of the public. Provided that their judicial functions are not imperilled by the influence of direct public election, I see no reason why their nomination should not be confined to the administrative authorities and police

of the London traffic area, and the Minister of Transport. In fact, the present Advisory Board—whose past work has been carried out with an admirable combination of thoroughness, speed, patience, and impartiality—but without its representatives of the owners. Such a body could, I think, be expected to hold the scales evenly in questions of major policy where contesting claims had to be weighed. It would also be responsible for having a periodic, constant, and systematic survey taken of London's transport. In addition, of course, it would be the most suitably constituted body for future consideration and decision on questions of town planning and town altering. The test of its efficiency, indeed of that of the whole system, would be the acceleration of the constantly increasing volume of traffic, subject only to the amenities of life in its area.

But while we must endeavour to see and overcome the drawbacks to progress, progress we must. And we have no suggested line of progress other than the three co-ordinated roads, the importance of which justifies their reiteration—common financial interest, common management, and independent control.

I have sketched these proposals, not as laws of the Medes and Persians, but as a suggestion of meeting what I repeat are the three essentials of a co-ordination now essential: common interest, common management, independent control. The public interest must come first, and the effort of all those, big or small, who can give useful public transport service can only be effectively employed where each contributes its quota to the building up of a single edifice. A single edifice in which the reward of common effort is distributed—not according to the lucrativeness or otherwise of a particular sphere of employment, not on the returns of this area or that, or of this type of vehicle or that—but in relation to the cost of providing the various services, each of which, whatever their sectional return, London needs for efficiency in its movements and furtherance of its prosperity.

The circulatory system is as essential to life as the heart. Transport is the circulatory system of a city's activities. Emerson has written that "the most advanced nations are always those who navigate the most."

One of our contemporary writers puts this in the form of the acid test, "The rise and the decline of a State are better measured by its communications than by any other criterion." I would add that in such degree as the communications in the heart of the State are inefficient, in that degree will the State itself decay.

I have attempted to give a statement of the difficulties of to-day and the near future, a warning as to the effects of delay in meeting them, a weighing of the various remedial proposals suggested, and a plan which cuts at the source of the difficulty. It is a logical plan which I firmly believe to be the only one which can effect radical reform. Yet I must confess to a misgiving. The most logically working apparatus in creation, the mind of a child, leads us into many pitfalls. Apparently logical methods of improving urban transport have created our present difficulties in directions quite unforeseen. If we vastly improve the facilities of London traffic again and as the population of London grows denser and denser, shall we create new difficulties we do not foresee?

Is there a limit, for instance, to the ability to provide food, water, or drainage to a vast inhabited area; a limit which we might pass unknowingly? London is here and cannot be moved, but where is logical improvement of transport going to lead? Will it create new social difficulties in proportion to its success? What will be the good of it, and what the evil?

For the answers to these questions we must turn from the transport operator to the experts in other sciences and from them to the arts: from the traffic statistician to the sanitary engineer and the poet. Almost without exception the great modern developments of science have been foreseen by those in no sense directly connected with them, sometimes by writers of fiction dreaming the facts of the future and assessing their effects with remarkable accuracy. Here, again, they are needed: to visualize the effects of improved travel in, say, 1977, and to warn us against the dangers which lurk behind mere logic.

In the meantime the steps I have suggested should be adopted.

Trade Unionism, Old and New

By Frederic C. Coley, M.D.

PERHAPS the contrast may be best expressed by the trade unionism of Thomas Burt and the trade unionism of Mr. A. J. Cook. The older unions existed for the benefit of the workers. The modern style cares literally nothing for the workers. Indeed, one ultimate object of its policy is to bring upon them poverty and privation in order to prepare them by discontent for revolution. I myself heard a street orator in Newcastle rashly blurt out the ugly secret of the intention behind the futile and costly strikes of the last twenty years. He shouted: "Wages are low now, but they have got to be lower. Men will not be ready for revolution until their stomachs are touched." No argument is needed to prove that the Communist propaganda in the trade unions is utterly disloyal to the King and to this country, and above all to the workers. It is promoted and, to some extent at least, financed by the Bolsheviks who are the avowed enemies of Great Britain. Demoniac degeneration of trade unionism began long before the Russian Revolution. Sane trade unionism was illustrated by the advice once given by Thomas Burt. A local miners' strike for more wages was threatened. Burt's sterling honesty was so well known that the coal-owners offered to lay their books before him. The result was that he told the miners, "This strike cannot possibly succeed, because to pay what you demand would mean running the pits at a loss." But the hot-heads kept shouting, "Go in and win," and their rash counsels prevailed. Then we had miners' families singing hymns in the streets of Newcastle to beg money to keep the strike going. But that did not last long. It was evident that Burt's advice was sound. Still the hot-heads did not like him the better for that. For a time he lost popularity. The leaders of the so-called "Independent Labour Party" vainly attempted to coerce him to join their ill-assorted crowd. It showed that they were both morally and intellectually incapable of understanding a thoroughly honest man. The alliance between the I.L.P. and the trade unions has been very profitable indeed to the I.L.P. It is certain that the trade unions have not had their money's worth out of it.

One of the greatest achievements of the I.L.P. (with

the help of the Liberals) was the legalizing of "peaceful" picketing. It is to be hoped that both Liberals and the saner members of the I.L.P. have by now the grace to be heartily ashamed of it. If not, they must be, indeed, utterly shameless.

One of the early signs of the degeneration of trade unionism was what may well be called "the idiotic strike." There was a little scrap of work which could be done both by plumbers and fitters. The reasonable practice of the Newcastle factories was that it should be done by either of them which happened to be more convenient at the time. Then the Devil, the author of all confusion and strife, put it into the substitutes for heads which rested on the shoulders of the officials of one of the unions to claim the exclusive right to do this insignificant piece of work. In support of this ridiculous claim, the two unions went on strike. The employers were not concerned in the miserable squabble at all except that they lost heavily by it. No one gained anything. Thousands of men, whose work depended on the plumbers and fitters, were thrown out of employment for weeks by the thoughtless selfishness of the quarrellers. Boards of Guardians were not so lavish then in the expenditure of the ratepayers' money as they are now that they are elected chiefly by the votes of people in receipt of "relief."

One of the most mischievous attacks upon the well-being of trade unions, as well as against the prosperity of British trade as a whole, has been that unpractical Socialistic theory that a particular kind of work is the exclusive property of the members of a particular union. This has been the origin of more than one ruinous strike. Whenever it comes into play, it makes British work more costly, because it compels skilled workmen to waste their time in needless journeys. Of course, this wasted time has to be paid for just as if it were occupied by skilled work.

I knew very well a man who was on the Strike Committee during this absurd dispute. He admitted to me that the little scrap of work, which was the excuse for this disastrous strike, was not worth fighting about. At the same time he admitted that he voted for a strike, and that, when a settlement was coming near, he used all the influence he possessed to postpone it as long as possible. I asked : "Don't you see that if you keep this

miserable business going long enough, some of the smaller firms will be ruined, and will not be able to start work again when the settlement comes?" His only reply was: "The more Capitalists ruined, the better!" When I first knew that man, he was a good sort, a religious and temperate man. But he took to reading the *Clarion* instead of the Bible. Can we wonder that, with very few exceptions, Communists are bitterly opposed to the Christian religion? "Communist Sunday schools" are a phenomenon which the Christian Churches will do well to study. I believe that Mr. Blatchford has learned a great deal since the *Clarion* had such a disastrous influence upon my unhappy friend.

In the past the railway men have sown some very wild oats indeed. For instance, there was the "mad strike." A man who worked in a yard belonging to the N.E.R. was directed by his official superior to move from one end of the yard to the other. This order did not affect his pay or his hours of work. Indeed, the real purpose of it was his own more perfect safety. But in some way it offended his morbidly exaggerated self-esteem. He threw down his tools and made for home. The result of his insane petulance was a big railway strike, to get him reinstated. If he had had a reasonable claim to be reinstated, that could have been done by simpler and less costly means. But the officials of the union evidently wanted a strike for political motives. Accordingly they called the men out, without consulting them by taking a ballot. If they had been honest men, they would have used all possible means to avoid a strike. It is very questionable whether the reinstatement of a man who, of his own accord, gave up his work in such circumstances, was enough to justify a strike, even if no other way of settling the dispute had been possible. The fact that the union officials chose the course they did, is susceptible of no conceivable explanation consistent with honesty on their part. An essential point in trade union reform is legislation to make such action for ever impossible in the future.

Not long after, a passenger driver, who lived at Gateshead, came into Newcastle, got outrageously drunk and was fined at the Police Court. The magistrate told me that the trial was conducted with more than ordinary care, because it was foreseen that results beyond the fine might follow. In fact, the railway authorities

decided to reduce the man from the position of a passenger driver to that of a driver of goods trains, which naturally involved some diminution of wages. So far from this being harsh treatment, railway travellers in general would take the view that it showed more tenderness for the interest of the driver than care for the safety of the public. A man fined for being drunk and disorderly late one night could hardly be fit to be entrusted with the duty of driving a train of any kind next day. With suspicious promptitude a great railway strike followed to replace the convicted driver in his original position. At the time no ground was alleged for doubting the justice of the conviction, except the man's own declaration that he had not been drunk. Extraordinary importance was attached to this by a wild Socialist paper—as though no man ought to be fined for drunkenness unless he pleaded guilty!

The way in which the strike was brought about is strong evidence of the urgent need for legislation to reform the management of trade unions. A so-called "Mass Meeting" was held in the open air with no precaution to exclude the intrusion of any number of street loafers. I believe that a large proportion, if not an actual majority, of those who took part in the proceedings were not railway men at all. On the strength of a resolution forwarded from that meeting, a huge railway strike was called, resulting in much injury to British trade and enormous loss to the workers on the railways. It was simply a *strike in defence of the right to get drunk*—provided that the drunkenness did not take place in working hours. Of course, no ballot was taken, or doubtless the result would have been very different. Railway men in general do not value the right to get drunk, whether on or off duty, so highly that they would be willing to sacrifice enormous sums out of their wages in order to protect it. The evident explanation is that the Communist officials wanted a strike for political reasons which did not concern the members of the union. So they called them out without consulting them, which has been the general policy since the trade unions became the tools of a small, but most mischievously active, political minority.

A strong Government would have dealt with the matter, relying on the support of public opinion, which certainly would have been dead against the Communist

union officials who forced the railway men to come out on strike with such an indefensible excuse. But a weak-kneed Home Secretary sent a Special (i.e. specially selected) Commissioner to reopen the case of the convicted driver. He carefully avoided taking evidence on oath; and therefore (as no one could know better than himself) none of the statements made before him was legal evidence at all. After an inquiry which the full newspaper reports of it show to have been farcical, the Commissioner reported the driver "Not guilty." Accordingly, as the findings of Courts of Summary Jurisdiction are not legally open to revision, the driver received the King's pardon. I suppose the pardon of the railway directors followed as a matter of course.

The next important episode in trade union history was the coal strike of 1921. It caused an enormous amount of privation and suffering, not only to miners, but to thousands of other working people who had nothing to gain. It is surely well that we should study the hidden forces at work in order to devise means for preventing similar national calamities in the future. I have been informed that all that was received by the miners from the funds of their union was £1—not, be it understood, £1 a week, but a total of £1 for the whole time. In the same year the pitiless Communists, who engineered the strike entirely for their political purposes, handed over from the funds of the union, without asking consent of the members, £43,312 to the *Daily Herald*, and in that same year over £300 was given to each of twenty-one I.L.P. Members of Parliament to supplement the £400 they received from over-burdened taxpayers. Do not these things prove urgent need for reform of trade unions? The steady, hardworking, self-denying man who has saved a bit deserves something better than to see it melt away in a strike he believes to be a folly. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald declares that a working-man who saves money is repulsive!

It was quite natural that miners should wish to resist a large reduction of their wages. But all except the most thoughtless of them could see that mines cannot pay wages which would involve running at a loss. If a man has only half a crown, it is not worth while fighting to make him give up three and sixpence. Clearly this was a case for negotiation. If those responsible for the

policy of the Federation had been actuated by a sincere desire for the welfare of the miners, they would have tried negotiation to see the very best terms which could be got that way. After that, before determining on a strike, they would have considered very carefully whether there was anything like certainty that a strike would secure terms so much better as to pay for all that would necessarily be lost by it. Why did they rush on a strike without making any trial of negotiation? *They wanted a strike.* It was a part of the policy of class war which the Socialist extremists had threatened long before. Reviving trade, with unemployment diminishing, and wages improving, would not be conditions favourable to that policy. They wanted working people in poverty and privation; if possible, actually starving. They knew that when trade is good, and work is plentiful, and labour, being in demand, is fairly paid, working people listen with indifference to their tirades against the greed of capitalists. So they rushed on a great coal strike and worked their hardest to make it a general, national strike of all the great unions. The extremists in the other unions would have gladly joined them, but the rank and file would have none of it. Although the small minority of wild men had captured the control of the unions, they dared not go so far in exploiting them for their own political ends as they would have wished to do. Rash as they were, they could not forget the possibility of their defeat in the unions, which would explode their plans for a revolution in the country.

It must be remembered that the government of the Miners' Federation, like that of other trade unions, is very far from being democratic. It is an oligarchy, a very corrupt oligarchy. Its affairs, especially the elections of officials, are managed by the lodge meetings. Only a very small proportion of the miners ever appear at these meetings. As might be expected, it is the noisy extremists who attend and make their voices heard in them. The quiet, hard-working, peace-loving men keep away. The policy of the Federation is decided by votes which do not at all represent the views of the general mass of miners.

The natural desire of the miners to avert a large reduction in their wages was the excuse for the extremists, who controlled the Federation, to take action. But their

real purpose in rushing on a strike without trying what could be done by negotiation was to spread poverty and distress as widely as possible among working people in order to prepare the way for a class war and revolution. This is confirmed by all the subsequent history of the strike.

It was clearly to the interest of the miners that, immediately a settlement came, work should be resumed as quickly and generally as possible. *The flooding of the mines was therefore inexcusable.* Those who gave the order to do it were perfectly aware that it would destroy the means of livelihood of thousands of miners, or at least keep men out of work for very long periods after the strike had been settled. No doubt, they also desired to ruin the mineowners. Their perverted consciences would see no harm in that. They cannot possibly have imagined that their action would gain better terms for the workers. It could only add needless bitterness to the dispute, and alienate public opinion from the strikers. Let it not be forgotten that, if the extremists could have had their way, many more mines would have been flooded, in which miners are now earning good wages.

The "Pool," like Nationalization in the previous coal strike, was a scheme of the extremists, not of the miners in general, although one declared "the men are solid for the pool." Of course, he knew the men had never been asked; and he knew also that the votes of the lodges were worse than useless as an indication of the views of the men. The miners, for the most part, knew little and cared less about what the pool meant. It was accordingly dropped very quietly when the demand for it had served its purpose.

After the strike had continued for many weary weeks, the heads of the Federation, who had been far too ready to begin it, showed signs of anxiety to get it ended. Funds were not merely exhausted, a huge debt had accumulated, and it was clear that further credit was not obtainable. Where were the large salaries of the officials to come from? The extremists of other unions voted grants of some thousands of pounds to help the miners. But this could not last long, hence a ballot was ordered. It seems probable that the higher officials of the Federation both desired and expected that the result would be

a vote in favour of immediate return to work. But they lacked the moral courage to direct the men to vote that way. It was notorious that the miners were heartily sick of the strike; and there was no reason to expect that better terms would be secured than those which were then offered. There was, indeed, much reason to fear the loss of the grant offered by the Government as an inducement to come to a settlement. The expectation was therefore as general as it was natural that the ballot would end the strike. In several mines preparations were made for resumption of work. The result was astounding. Except in the case of certain special classes, who voted separately, huge majorities in favour of continuing the strike were reported everywhere. In a very few cases where majorities in favour of acceptance of the terms were at first reported, it was afterwards declared that the figures had been accidentally reversed! Evidently a good deal of lying was done, after the usual habit of Communists.

Perhaps the last act in this strange history was the strangest. The leaders of the Federation decided, on their own responsibility, to accept terms not materially different from those offered before the ballot, and to call off the strike without the formality of taking another ballot; and the miners everywhere gladly trooped back to work as soon as the pits could be made ready for them.

Having meditated much on these strangely inconsistent happenings, I took an opportunity to ask a working miner: "Do you think the ballot was all taken on the square?" He replied unhesitatingly: "*Of course not! It was taken by the officials of the lodges.*"

Then he explained that only a very small minority of the miners ever go to lodge meetings; and that those who do go, and elect the officials, are almost exclusively Socialist extremists. So far as he knew, there was nothing whatever to prevent any amount of falsification of the returns of the voting.

It appears probable that the heads of the Federation and the controlling spirits in the lodges were alike impelled to rush on a strike by the same political motives; but the personal motives, which led the heads to wish to bring it to an end, did not affect the officials of the lodges, whose desire to make class war as bitter and as violent as possible seems to have taken away from them all

remorse for the suffering and misery which must follow from a continuance of the strike.

The moral is: No strike should be legal unless it has been authorized by a ballot. All strike ballots should be taken under the same conditions as a Parliamentary election, with the same precautions against intimidation and corruption and personation and falsification of records of voting. They should be taken by public officials, not by officials of the union or any interested persons. No one under the age of 21 should be allowed to vote.

A Bill to provide all these protections for the liberty and prosperity of working people might well be called the "Working Men's Charter." In the past it has been too much the habit of working men to support anyone who was called a Labour Candidate. They will do well at the next election to vote against anyone who refuses to pledge himself to support this charter—whatever party name he may assume.

So far we have been discussing the disastrous effects of trade unionism recklessly misdirected by English Communists obsessed with the notion of "class war." But of late we have had to deal with a still more sinister and malign influence, the deliberate treachery of Englishmen in avowed alliance with agents of an alien government which has continually proclaimed itself, both by word and deed, as the implacable enemy of this country. It is not surprising that this traitorous faction are trying to replace Christian Sunday schools by Socialist Sunday schools. They hate the Bible as the criminal class dislike the police department which makes and preserves photographs of notorious "crooks."

It is supremely necessary to emphasize the fact that the purpose of reform in trade unions is not to break down, or even to weaken, the unions themselves. It is to restore to their members the freedom which is their natural right. And that can only be done by completely breaking down the tyranny which has been for some years imposed upon them by the Communist "Minority Party."

It is urged *ad nauseam* that the unions should be left to initiate and carry out their own reforms. This is proclaimed, naturally, with the greatest energy, by Members of Parliament belonging to the I.L.P., whose election expenses are paid out of funds furnished by contributions

extracted with questionable legality from the wages of trade union members. Moreover, their incomes are very largely, as I have shown, supplemented out of trade union funds. It is not surprising that these personally interested professional politicians should vehemently oppose any interference by Parliament in the affairs of trade unions.

Reform is not a matter which affects the unions themselves alone. It is the concern of the whole British nation, which suffered such frightful losses during the recent coal strike entirely because of the irresponsible antics of the Communist Executive of the Miners' Federation. But, apart from the manifold difficulties in the way of the unions working out their own salvation (with no evident movement on their part as yet in that direction), the country cannot afford to wait for necessary changes by the slow process of evolution. If I saw a lunatic preparing to brain some helpless person with a poker, I should do my best to knock the poker out of his hand, without waiting to argue about the proper person to control him. The Communists are threatening another attack upon British industry, as soon as they can make ready again what they are fond of calling the " strike-weapon." Our safety lies in taking the weapon out of their hands. It certainly does not belong to them of right.

The recent coal strike is enough of itself to show that very extensive reform in trade union management is urgently needed, both in the interest of the British people in general, and for the sake of the rank and file of trade union members. But no evidence or argument will have any effect upon Parliamentary members of the I.L.P. The argument in their pockets will outweigh any number of facts and any weight of logic. So conferences and round table conversations merely waste time.

But there are some good people who still do not know enough of trade union affairs to be quite impervious to the deceitful Communist plea : " Let Parliament leave the unions alone to reform themselves." That sounds very plausible—to those who have not understood that this is exactly what the unions are unable to do. They might as well say of a man tied up and gagged, " Let him alone to free himself." Of course, if you do not mind his being starved to death. It would be more humane to get out your pocket-knife and cut his bonds.

The Regulation of Warfare by Treaty

By W. G. Carlton Hall

The League of Nations intends shortly to convene a Disarmament Conference, and has appointed a Preparatory Commission to that end; and the Preparatory Commission, like the two Hague Conferences and the Washington Conference, is already devoting its attention to attempts to regulate warfare, and to prohibit certain weapons or methods of fighting. Proposals have been made for the prohibition of tanks and submarines, and of all forms of chemical warfare; and it seems opportune to consider what is the effect in practice of restrictive agreements of this nature.

In the Middle Ages, a belligerent was deemed entitled without question to injure his enemy in almost any way he thought fit. Grotius, writing in 1624, treats three things only as absolutely illegal: the use of poison, secret and treacherous assassination, and ill-treatment of the dead; and to these rather doubtfully adds a fourth, the violation of women. He expressly defends indiscriminate slaughter without regard to age or sex, the killing of prisoners, the use of false colours and uniforms, pillage and destruction of property, and the enslavement of the vanquished; the last he regards as an act of clemency to those who would otherwise be put to death. It is little to the purpose that, having given to belligerents this wide licence, he afterwards qualifies it by saying that while almost everything is lawful in a just war, in an unjust war it is not; since his definition of a just war is one that has been publicly proclaimed, and the qualification is therefore little more than an appeal from law to conscience. But he proceeds to furnish arguments against excessive severity, particularly in the matter of killing prisoners or non-combatants, and destroying property, which are based not only on morality, but on expediency, and as such have undoubtedly done much to mitigate the horrors of war.

It was not, however, until 1864 that any serious attempt was made to give what may be called the rules of humanity, as applicable to land warfare, a quasi-legal

form. In that year was signed the first Geneva Convention, providing for better treatment of the sick and wounded in war, and for the protection of the medical services under the Red Cross. This was followed by the Declaration of St. Petersburg of 1868, the Hague Conventions of 1899, the second Geneva Convention of 1906, and the Hague Conventions of 1907. The provisions of the Geneva Conventions are generally well known, as also the charges of violating them freely made on both sides during the late war; probably the strongest proof of the validity of the charges made by the Allies is the fact that the wearing of the Red Cross armlet, as prescribed by the Convention of 1906, was discontinued in the British service soon after the war started, as it was found to be more of a danger than a protection.

The Declaration of St. Petersburg, binding the signatories not to use, in case of war between any of them, explosive or inflammatory projectiles of a less weight than 400 grammes (about 14 oz.), is of interest mainly on account of the principles underlying it, which were stated to be:

> That the only legitimate object which States should endeavour to accomplish during war is to weaken the military forces of the enemy; that for this purpose it is sufficient to disable the greatest possible number of men; that this object would be exceeded by the employment of arms which uselessly aggravate the sufferings of disabled men, or render their death inevitable; that the employment of such arms would, therefore, be contrary to the laws of humanity.

On this Dr. Pearce Higgins, in a work published in 1909, observed: "The fact of the adoption of this principle is of great importance; a standard has been set, which it is to be hoped no civilized state will in the future fail to reach"; eight years later he implicitly admitted that this hope had not been realized. That he should ever have entertained such a hope, as regards the first principle, is remarkable, since this principle had already been formally denounced in the "German War Book" on the authority of von Moltke. Apart from this denunciation, the principle is logically indefensible; a necessary corollary to it is that a Power with no military forces at all would be safe from war, since there would be nothing for an enemy to attack. It would be surprising, to say the least, if any Power were to seek safety by this means;

the most impassioned advocates of disarmament rarely put forward practical proposals going quite so far.

In 1899 the first Peace Conference at The Hague produced three Conventions, of which the second, on the Laws and Customs of War on Land, included the code commonly known as the Hague Regulations; and three Declarations prohibiting: (1) for a period of five years, the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons; (2) the use of projectiles, the only object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases; (3) expanding bullets. Of these Declarations the first expired by effluxion of time, and was not renewed; the second and third were left unaltered by the second Peace Conference of 1907. The Declaration against asphyxiating gases was thus, on April 22, 1915, as completely binding as any international agreement can be, having been signed and ratified by every Power then at war, that is to say, by Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Montenegro, Russia, Serbia, and Turkey; nevertheless, it was on that date deliberately violated by Germany, and was afterwards disregarded by all the belligerents alike. Attempts have been made to prove that the first German use of gas was not technically a breach of the Declaration. These attempts will not bear examination, and are said to have been formally abandoned in the Reichstag, by General von Steen, Prussian Minister of War, on April 29, 1918; but even if it could be proved that the Declaration was first violated by the Allies, the fact would still remain that a perfectly binding international obligation wholly failed to stand the test of war.

Notwithstanding the complete failure of Hague Declaration No. 2 of 1899, the representatives of the United States of America, the British Empire, France, Italy, and Japan included in the second Treaty of Washington, signed on February 6, 1922, an Article declaring that:

> The use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases, and all analogous liquids, having been justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world and a prohibition of such use having been declared in treaties to which the majority of the civilized Powers are parties, the Signatory Powers, to the end that this prohibition shall be universally accepted as a part of international law binding the conscience and practice of nations, declare their assent to such

prohibition, agree to be bound thereby as between themselves and invite all other nations to adhere thereto.

In June, 1925, a Convention to the same effect, but adding a further prohibition of bacteriological warfare, was drafted at Geneva, and has been signed by thirty-eight States, but ratified by none. It is not easy to understand why anyone should suppose that a new prohibition is likely to be treated with more respect than the old; and a German writer, quoted in the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution for November, 1926 (p. 858), foreshadows the use of gas on an unprecedented scale in the next war.

Although the Regulations annexed to Hague Convention No. 4 of 1907 differ only slightly from those of Convention No. 2 of 1899, which it replaced, still they do differ; and while it is clear that the failure of Serbia to ratify any of the Conventions of 1907 technically released all the Powers which had ratified them from their obligations as regards the late war, it is less clear whether the force of the 1899 Regulations was or was not thereby revived. Therefore, although many acts were undoubtedly committed during the war which were forbidden by both sets of Regulations, it cannot be said with absolute certainty that such acts constituted violations of treaty engagements; and it would be superfluous to enumerate them here.

War at sea differs from war on land in the very important point that its theatre is, as a rule, not the territory of either belligerent, but blue water which is *prima facie* open to the ships, of whatever character, of all the nations of the world. The first result of this difference is that neutrals are more directly affected by war at sea than by war on land; and in consequence attempts had been made, even before the time of Grotius, to set up rules governing the relations of belligerents and neutrals at sea. Belligerents were by general consent allowed the rights of "visit and search," of capture of ships and cargoes in certain cases, and of blockade; but different nations, through their Prize Courts, expressed widely different views on the liability to capture of neutral goods in enemy ships, and enemy goods in neutral ships, respectively; also on the definition of "contraband of war," that is, of goods which, though otherwise privileged, were

held liable to capture as being destined to help the enemy in his warlike operations. It was not until 1856 that some of these differences were removed by the Declaration of Paris, which, having been formally accepted by all the important maritime Powers, except the United States, at or before the Hague Conference of 1907, remained in 1914 the only binding international agreement on the laws of war at sea. It is true that several of the Conventions of 1907, and the Declaration of London of 1909, dealt with the subject, but these all lacked necessary ratifications. The Declaration of Paris is in the following terms:

(1) Privateering is and remains abolished;

(2) The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war;

(3) Neutral goods, except contraband of war, are not liable to capture under enemy's flag;

(4) Blockade, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the enemy's coastline.

Under modern conditions, it is unlikely that any belligerent would think it worth while to employ privateers; but by February, 1917, the three remaining Articles had been in effect denounced by both sides. The British Orders in Council of March 11, 1915, January 10, 1917, and February 16, 1917, like the German announcements to which they were a reply, amounted to a total prohibition of neutral trade with the enemy. Such a prohibition cannot be justified as an extension of the law of contraband, since no accepted theory of contraband condemns goods coming *from* enemy ports; neither can it be justified as a blockade, since neither side could ever have accomplished an *effective* blockade of the whole of the enemy's coastline, even if the blockade had not been simultaneously declared on both sides. It is therefore fair to say that the only binding agreement regulating maritime warfare completely failed to stand the test of serious war; but in saying this, it is only right to recall that the Allies contented themselves with bringing in their prizes for adjudication, while the Germans sank Allied and neutral ships indiscriminately, without examination and often without warning.

In theory, breaches of the "laws of war," whether

those laws are based on express conventions or merely on custom, render those guilty of them liable to certain *sanctions*, usually classified as *State-compensation*, *reprisals*, *punishment of war criminals*, and *interference by neutral Powers*. The first, based on Art. 3 of Hague Convention No. 4 of 1907, must almost always be abortive. Admittedly no such compensation is ever likely to be paid by the victors; and since recent experience shows that the vanquished will usually be unable to pay anything like the full indemnities or reparations demanded on general grounds, the addition of further claims on special grounds will have little practical result.

To class *reprisals* as a sanction of law seems to be an abuse of language. In the present connection the word denotes acts which *ex hypothesi* are *illegal*, but resorted to for the purpose of constraining the enemy to alter his conduct. As practised in the late war, they fall under three main heads: ill-treatment of prisoners, aerial bombardment of open towns, and the use of gas. Of these only the last was prohibited by a treaty stipulation of unquestionable authority; and the effect of reprisals in kind was merely, in practice, to abolish the prohibition.

If we except the case of persons taken in the act and tried summarily in the field (which case is likely to be of infrequent occurrence under the conditions of modern warfare), the *punishment of war criminals* seems to be almost illusory. There is an obvious difficulty in the question whether the punishment should fall on the superior who orders a crime, or on the subordinate who commits it. Dr. Winfield says: "The better opinion is that when the offence is committed in obedience to superior orders, it is only the superior who can be punished, and he is often much less likely to be caught than the man who does the act." It is hardly necessary to point out that this is in direct opposition to a fundamental principle of English law; but it was supported by the British Government at the close of the late war, when they declined to keep back for trial the prisoners taken in German submarines, on the ground that, in Mr. Balfour's words, "you cannot well punish a man for doing that which, if he had not done, he would have been shot by his own superiors." At the conclusion of peace, the principle of trying both the superior and the subordinate was adopted in theory in the Treaty of

Versailles; but the only practical result was the trial of twelve persons out of several hundred accused, and that not before a Court of the Allies, or of any allied Power, as prescribed by the Treaty, but before a German Court at Leipzig. Mr. Claud Mullins, who was personally present at the trial of the six British cases, and has given a very full account of the whole proceedings in his book, "The Leipzig Trials," appears to regard them as a triumphant vindication of the rule of law; the reasons for his attitude must be gathered from his own work. But apart from the small number of convictions—six—and the leniency of the sentences, two facts stand out from the report of the trials: one, that a superior order was accepted as a complete defence where it could be established; the other, that no officer of high rank was convicted. These two facts go far to nullify any inference that might be drawn from the trials, that high authorities will in future be deterred by fear of penal consequences, either to themselves or to others, from a policy of "frightfulness" ordered by them and executed by their subordinates. Taken in conjunction with the British release of submarine crews already mentioned, they also make it seem probable that Art. 3 of the second Treaty of Washington, providing for the trial and punishment, as for piracy, of all persons, whether under the orders of a governmental superior or not, guilty of a class of acts habitually committed by German submarines during the late war, will never be carried into effect; while the mere existence of such a provision on paper will hardly, as a deterrent, be an appreciable addition to the appalling risks actually faced by the German submarine crews in the later stages.

Interference by neutral Powers is theoretically justified by any breach of the laws of war. But, as Dr. Winfield points out in the seventh edition of Lawrence's "Principles of International Law," "In practice they do not take this course. It is only when their rights as neutrals are outraged that they will do so, and not when it is the rights of the other belligerent that are violated." But a few lines later he seems to contradict himself by saying that "the civilized world stood arrayed at the end of the war against Germany and her allies as champions of the great principles that are the pillars of international law.

Germany had begun a contest which, great as it was, might still have been localized if every one of those principles had not been flung aside from the invasion of Belgium onwards. What was a political struggle between the Central Powers and Russia in the first days of the war in 1914 had become a world battle in defence of international law in 1918, and the issue of that battle was the greatest vindication that the Grotian system has received."

The first objection to this sweeping statement is that it includes in the "civilized world" such Powers as Cuba, Siam, Liberia, Hayti and Honduras, and excludes Spain, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland. The next is that the fifteen non-European Powers, other than the United States, which intervened in 1917 and 1918, contented themselves with a bare declaration of war, or in four cases with a mere diplomatic rupture, which was not followed up by any active participation in the struggle beyond the seizure of such German merchant ships as happened to have taken refuge in their ports; and it is not altogether unreasonable to assume that they regarded the intervention of the United States as putting the ultimate issue beyond doubt, and thought it desirable to be on the winning side, and, by their presence at the Peace Conference, to stand a chance of sharing in the spoils. Their intervention cannot even be ascribed to German outrages on their neutrality, since their shipping losses (almost the only losses it was possible for them to incur) were far less than those of the five maritime Powers of Europe which remained neutral to the end.

The case of the United States was different. As a commercial nation, they desired to make what profit they could out of the war; and their consequent determination to remain neutral rested unshaken for nearly two years after the wholly indefensible sinking of the *Lusitania* and the resulting loss of 115 American lives. But as the British Navy's virtual blockade of Germany (against which in the early stages the United States Government made frequent and vigorous protests) reduced American trade with Germany to a negligible amount, the only means of profit left was to sell vast quantities of goods of all kinds to the Allies, and to lend them the money to pay for them. It appears from a

statement in the *Times* of November 23, 1916, that the net aggregate amount lent by American banks to the Allies to that date was over £361,000,000, while the total amount lent to Germany was £4,000,000. In these circumstances it is obvious that a German victory would have entailed a heavy loss on the United States, by making their debtors insolvent; and accordingly, when it appeared that both sides were approaching exhaustion, and that a comparatively slight American effort would suffice to turn the scale decisively in favour of the Allies, that effort was made. It is to be noted, also, that one of the first acts of the United States Government as a belligerent was to lend further large sums to the Allies on the faith of a British guarantee of repayment, and with stipulations to the effect that the whole of the money should be spent in the United States—a further commercial stroke amply justified by the event. They also seized German merchant ships which had taken refuge in their ports to the extent of 650,000 tons, the whole of which they insisted on retaining at the peace, instead of pooling them for the benefit of the other allied and associated Powers; notwithstanding that their own losses of shipping, both before and after their entry into the war, are shown by the American Professor Garner to have amounted only to 300,000 tons, while the losses of the other Powers were far heavier. To suggest, in the light of these facts, that either the United States, or the other non-European Powers which followed their example in breaking with Germany, were actuated by devotion to the principles of international law, seems little less than absurd. In cold fact, what forced the United States into the war on the side of the Allies was, in the beginning, the supremacy of the British Navy—which supremacy they were afterwards at pains to get rid of by the Treaty of Washington.*

The conclusion seems to be that international engagements, purporting to restrict the right of a belligerent to use any means he chooses to attain his ends, will not stand the strain of a serious war; that the sanctions by which they are said to be enforced are fictitious; and that the value of such engagements, to a Power accepting them, varies inversely as its honesty.

* President Coolidge's Memorandum to the Powers, of Feb. 10, 1927, makes it quite clear that the United States are not yet satisfied with their success in this direction.

Flags for South Africa

By Alfred MacCullough

In this age of democracy, and of the birth of nations, it is perhaps quite in the order of things that a government should institute a public competition for a suitable design for a new national flag. At any rate, that is what it has come to in South Africa. Most members of the present Pact Ministry seem to be idealists, possibly even dangerous idealists; and so they do not realize how they have been wasting time over this pretty fancy of theirs for a new flag, whilst endless problems still await solution for the helping of the white citizens and the native races of South Africa to a better state of life.

Even so, the Pact Government discovered that it would have to relegate to a special committee the delicate task of selecting a symbol for that nationality which, with the eyes of optimism and idealism, it has already discovered as being in strong evidence among the white inhabitants of the Union. Ten thousand schemes for a flag were submitted. The thing became more popular than a crossword puzzle. A college professor, with an English name, was awarded the first premium. His design was practically the Vierkleur of the old Transvaal Republic, with the colours altered and re-arranged to give a reminder also of the former Orange Free State.

This suggested flag was embodied as part of a proposed Nationality and Flag Bill, and in quick time the new measure was introduced into the Union House of Assembly. There it encountered heavy seas of indignation, and was indeed withdrawn before it reached the Senate.

The possibility of a new flag, like the old republican Vierkleur, and bearing no signs of our historic Union Jack, came as a very unpleasant surprise to great numbers of South Africans, not merely to the English-speaking people, but also to many Dutch Afrikanders in the Cape and Natal Provinces, who, like Dr. Malan, the chief protagonist of the new flag, were born under the Union Jack, and who, unlike him, have really never sighed for any other flag.

The Pact Government tried to vindicate its intentions. The design without the Union Jack had been chosen, the House was informed, because to many Afrikanders that flag was a symbol of tyranny and hateful memories. To that view the Government must continue to adhere.

But in its simplicity of mind the Government had not noticed that the proposed flag was only a modified Vierkleur. That objection made by the Opposition was valid, for the Government wanted the new flag to be free from the old republican symbols as well as from the Union Jack. The one was the emblem of tyranny, the others recalled days of loathed subjection and humiliation. A new design, untarnished and underived from the past, would be submitted later to the House, and to this end the Government would appoint a Flag Commission at once.

The Opposition, the South African Party, stated that they had no objection to the inclusion of the old republican flags in the design, provided the Union Jack were accorded its due honour. On this point, however, the Government was implacable. One does not know which to admire more, the Government's professed inadvertence respecting the old Vierkleur, or its pretended eagerness to break with the past. In plain English, the whole affair showed simply the survival of the old two streams' policy once announced by General Hertzog in his unregenerate days—the policy that looked to separation and predominance for the Dutch-descended Afrikander. Enemies must never learn to love each other. Two old warring flags must never be married on the same piece of bunting. So the new South African nation, though it will be inevitably the descendant of the old warring elements, was not to indicate its past, if the Pact Government could prevent it; and so the intention of the Government was to hoist over South Africa at the earliest possible moment an entirely new flag. The Government forgot that such a flag could only be associated in the minds of the general public with a somewhat rancorous political party. To such an exhibition of stupidity had come the united statesmanship of the Nationalists and their indispensable assistants, the Labour Party.

The terms of the Pact between Nationalists or Secessionists and the Labour men prevent the question of Secession being brought up in Parliament during the continuance of the Pact. And it must be said that this untimely intrusion of an attempt to get rid, in one form, of a reminder that we belong to the British Empire, was entirely due to the Secessionists. All the members of the Government, of course, indignantly assured the people that the Flag Bill had nothing to do with Secession, and

one hopes that the British members of the Cabinet believed themselves to be speaking the truth. But the connecting link between the Flag Bill and Secession might have been seen by a blind man on a dark night. The storm of just wrath from half the people of South Africa was heard to the ends of the Empire, and the Government beat a retreat, perforce using the small amount of discretion it possessed. At the time this was only a strategic retreat to reconsider the position, and indicated no change of purpose on the part of the Government. But since then the Imperial Conference has taken place, and the Pact Government has now to collect its scattered pieces and survey the scene in a new light.

The designing of a new flag for South Africa does not really seem a necessity. The Union Flag is the Red Ensign adorned with the South African coat of arms, and on that coat of arms the two British Colonies and the two late republics are all represented. However, the Opposition in the present Parliament was willing to agree to the introduction of a new flag which should contain the Union Jack and the colours of the defunct republics. But if the Secessionists objected to the Union Jack, there were still better reasons why the other side should object to the old republican flags.

The flags of the various states which have been absorbed in the history of South Africa were never incorporated by the absorptionists into their own flags. The Natal Government, on the extinction of the Voortrekkers' brief republic of Natalia, did not take measures to represent its flag on the Union Jack flown in Natal; nor did the Cape Colonial Government, on the absorption of the small republic of Stellaland, mark the event by making provision for the Stellaland flag on the Union Jack flown at the Cape. When the great and good fight of the Boer War ended in the victory of the incoming tide of progress, the republicans very wisely accepted wholly the flag which had for a century represented the paramount power in South Africa. Louis Botha, a man of vision, accepted the British flag unreservedly. After all, he had been born under its folds. He saw the inevitability and the desirability of union and unity, and the arbitrament of war had shown that it could be achieved in no other way. The temporary republics, the attempts to form a new nucleus, had failed.

These various republics that arose at times after the British occupation of 1806 were all permitted to come into being and to exist for a time through the careless policy of various governments in Great Britain: but at least the British power always remained in the offing. These little republics were really offshoots of the British colonial power; and men still alive, who once dwelt under their rule, hardly regret their disappearance, for their temporary existence was only a means to an end. That end was the gradual absorption of the great spaces of South Africa, and its native races, into Western civilization, represented there by the British and Dutch races, and from the governmental point of view by the British Empire ever since the end of the Napoleonic Period in 1815.

For simplicity's sake, and in accordance with history, one thinks that the Union Jack and the Red Ensign, with the Union coat of arms, might serve South Africa's purposes for the present.

In one of the arguments of the Opposition it was stated that the Union Jack represents the constituent states of the United Kingdom. That is in a way true: but Scotland never was conquered or annexed like the republics in South Africa: and Ireland never was a unit in herself, but was made so by the English for governmental purposes, and the Irish flag was not the cross of St. Patrick, but a blue flag with a harp. So, although the Union Jack represents the three nations of the United Kingdom, it is not formed by a combination of their former flags. Further than that, however, at the Union of 1910 none of the four existing colonies in South Africa had any flag but the Union Jack, and the Colony of the Cape and the Colony of Natal had not, within the memory of any inhabitant, seen any other flag flying than the Union Jack. The other two colonies, having been for some time in their history republican territories, had at that time possessed separate flags, but this period of their history had ended ten years before the proposed Union of 1910.

So there is really no precedent, nor any strong argument, for including reminders of the old republican flags on any new design for a South African flag. Such a composite flag, including also the Union Jack, would probably be a shocking piece of bunting from an artistic point of view, and in any case the Secessionists, the

spiritual children of the old republicans, are opposed to it for their own reasons. It would seem that the best advice which can be given in this business is to follow the old South African motto and wait a bit (*wacht een beetje*).

Patriots, emotional and narrow, are common in many countries to-day, but they cannot prevent the increasing existence of people with whom patriotism of that kind is not an obsession. There are nowadays many British who do not exactly wish to class themselves as, let us say, Scots or New Zealanders only. If they are colonial-born, their sympathies are as much with the Mother Country as with any of the Dominions; and if they are born in Britain, that does not prevent them from being good South Africans or Canadians also. For such men the Union Jack is a sufficiently distinctive symbol to differentiate from all others the people who enjoy the British name and traditions. The symbol they attach most importance to—for instance, on the Australian flag—is not the six stars, but the Union Jack. Without that sacred sign the flag could not denote a member of the great association whose parts have derived their boon of freedom and independence through the mother of parliaments. This patriotism is a higher and more generous sentiment than mere local patriotism, which so easily descends to provincialism.

One can hardly expect a Dutch Afrikander always to admire this type of citizenship, but it is at least too late in the day for Afrikanders to regard the British as newcomers on the soil of South Africa, with no proper title to dwell there. In another score of years the period of the British occupation of the Cape will equal the whole period during which the Cape was held as a possession by the Dutch East India Company, our only predecessor. It is about time that any claims for prior possession on the part of the Dutch people should die. The real claim that the Dutch Afrikander has upon the British is that he has no other motherland than Africa; his ancestors were planted at the Cape, not as Dutch or French or German colonists, but merely as employees of the Dutch East India Company. Thus, being of composite stock, he cannot regard Holland as a homeland in the sense that British settlers and their children in the Dominions regard the British Islands.

In consequence of this it is difficult for the Afrikander

to put himself into the position of the English South African, whose world of memory and imagination has been brought directly from a country in Europe, from a country which is also a thing of the present and still prominent in front of his mind's eye. The men from Great Britain may say: we helped to establish this country of South Africa with a part of ourselves, and we remain. Whilst Great Britain remains, the British, whether living in South Africa or in the United Kingdom, will love Great Britain. Dutch South Africans for the most part have never realized the strength of this sentiment.

It is want of imagination which makes the Afrikander Secessionist ask the English South African to cut off even all sentimental connection with England. In any case the suggestion is absurd. The higher the moral and mental development of the British South African, the less he can listen to such a proposal. The more intangible the bond that binds him to the British Empire, the stronger it becomes. There is something in the whole that makes it greater than the mere summation of its parts. This link makes British South Africans wider and more tolerant in character: they are nearer being true cosmopolitans.

The blood of the Afrikanders and the British settlers has been widely combined in the last quarter of a century, and fortunately many South Africans of mixed white descent have also the feeling referred to. When they visit Europe, it is always England they regard as their mother country. This is all to the good for South Africa. It gives her a stronger hold on established things and the accomplished work of Christendom, such as it is. The Dutch South African can say, as a British subject:

> Neither by service nor fee
> Came I to mine estate,

for in most instances to-day he was born under the Union Jack. The British subjects by conquest in South Africa are a steadily diminishing number.

To return to the Flag Bill, the general wrath against it has been watched by the Labour Party with many qualms. That party has been fairly popular in Natal, the province noted for its loyalty. But Natal has taken the lead in the opposition to this unhappy Bill, and the Labour Party fully realizes that it may lose all its seats there at the next election. The Natalian knows his

Secessionist, but he also remembers how he himself has been left in the lurch more than once by the Imperial Government. His watchfulness has been bred by long years of anxiety and political suffering. Of late years the course of legislation, always of a nature to lessen British influence and the popularity of Imperial ideals, has not reassured Natalians; but they are resolved that they will not sell their birthright for a mess of Dutch-speaking, English-hating republicanism. Natalians did not always love the methods of the Government in the Old Country, but they like less the methods of the South African Secessionists.

The Labour Party, therefore, seriously concerned about their official part in the Flag Bill, when they met last year in convention, examined it carefully to see how it might be mitigated. One clause seemed to offer a favourable opportunity. This provides that the Union Jack should be officially flown once in a while on public occasions and at the discretion of the Minister, to denote the relationship still existing between South Africa and the other nations of the British Commonwealth. The Labour leaders embellished and amplified this clause, and the convention, after much discussion behind closed doors, adopted a pronouncement to this effect: The Labour Party approves of a new home flag without suggestions of any history, but alongside of this new flag there should always be flown the Union Jack on another pole at the same height; one flag must not appear without the other on any occasion, either at any official ceremony or on any public building.

Now, since the Imperial Conference the Secessionists are in very deep waters, for they have apparently lost General Hertzog and half the Cabinet Ministers, and it may be that they will agree to accept this big amendment to the Flag Bill when it is brought forward. But such a position would be very different from what they have hoped for. If only the British in South Africa would agree to give up their living emblem, they could have a new cold image without blood, bones or life; and just for a while, as a sort of admission that there is such a country as Great Britain and her other Dominions, once or twice a year, always at the discretion of the Minister, of course, the old flag shall be dragged from her deserved oblivion and given a breath of the South African breezes.

Yes, dear republican friends, unfurled to those breezes that are free to us to-day through the blood-sacrifice of thousands upon thousands of British soldiers over more than a century of time. Then when the British Empire disrupts—the wish is father to the thought—the Union Jack will be thankfully buried with no prospect of a glorious resurrection, and the English name and language will speedily be banished for ever from the uplands of South Africa.

The Labour Party appears to have been bemused by the unfortunate existence of two languages and two chief cities in South Africa. It proposes to add another dual burden, namely, two flags. But the first two compromises for unity have caused so much ill-feeling and jealousy that the people would be well advised to avoid a third cause of like trouble.

Many South Africans, taken by the whimsicality of the thing, are inclined to coquette with this idea of two flags. Their argument is that the Union Jack is a sacred emblem and should not be treated with indignity by being made part of a local South African flag. This point of view is not much of a compliment to the Dominions. Surely it should be no disgrace for the crosses of the three kingdoms to appear on a Dominion flag, nor should any Dominion object to see on its flag the emblems of the land from which it has drawn its strength and received protection, and also sometimes its deserved castigation in more childish days. How far the mass of the people will entertain the notion of two flags will be seen in due course. But as a suggestion to the Government it can hardly be said to be inspired by a spirit of unity.

Now, since the Imperial Conference, we have in South Africa a Cabinet the Premier of which, having suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange, with hearty goodwill recognizes his country as a constituent member of the British Empire, and regards the Union Jack as his own flag. It should have been so since the day he took office in Cape Town; but let that pass. In his Cabinet are three Labour men, Englishmen born, who advocate the abolition of the Union Jack from the South African flag, and who may soon be pulled down by their party, if they do not recant their heresy. In addition, several other members of the same Cabinet, lately avowed Secessionists, are still insisting upon a new distinctive

South African flag from which the Union Jack shall be banished. Such a heterogeneous political stew cannot be a wholesome dish for a permanency, and is not likely to satisfy the people of the Union for long. This revelation of the discordant elements in the Pact Government could not be very clearly evoked by the South African Party Opposition, but since the Imperial Conference it has become plain for all to see.

General Hertzog has been pleased to let us know that his views now differ in no material way from those of the South African Party. This means that a fusion of the two parties may take place in the near future. In that event the Labour Party will go into the wilderness; that is, whatever remnants of it may survive the next election. The conduct of its three Cabinet Ministers, in regard to the Flag Bill, does not point to a prosperous life for the Party in the next Parliament. The unbending Secessionists, who may survive to sit in the next Parliament, will not in themselves be strong enough to form an important party. An alliance between their attenuated ranks and the remnant of the Labour Party could not put up a very formidable opposition to a reconstituted South African Party, as the latter would include all Nationalists who follow General Hertzog in his strategic retreat from the Secessionist policy.

The South African Party and the moderate Nationalists would probably all be glad to see the wretched Flag Bill abandoned like a derelict on the great Ocean of Lost Endeavours. Its requirements from British South Africans are outrageous; that we should forget our past to the extent of breaking with our dearest and best traditions, whilst the Secessionists will not even forget those fifty years in their past when their fathers, or some of them, made several unsuccessful attempts at republican government. Those unsuccessful republics! Their shadow, cast across the page of South African history, instead of being a lesson to us, has been preventing us from pursuing a peaceful road in the light of to-day. So is history misread. It is a curious obsession from which these republicans suffer or have suffered, but we still hope that some day soon they may escape from it, and begin to play a helpful part in the affairs of the present day. We can believe that the Imperial Conference has at least supplied some healing balm for their mental easement.

The Health of the School Child

By Anthony M. Ludovici

It is not so very long ago that the doctors said: "If only you will give us the children during the first year of life, the subsequent years will reveal the fruits of our care." The implication was that, if they were given the opportunity of laying the foundations of good health and a sound constitution in the nursling, the growing child would show the benefit of this care, and there would be a general improvement in the physique of the nation.

In response to some such challenge as this, and inspired by the depressing report of the Royal Commission on Physical Deterioration in 1904, the National League for Health, Maternity and Child Welfare was incorporated in the year 1905, and the introduction of school medical inspection, which followed in 1907, provided for the supervision of the older children. As, however, school medical inspection made no provision for infants, and it seemed only reasonable to suppose that a fair proportion of the defects found in children of school age might be prevented if they received proper care as infants, people turned with redoubled interest to infant welfare, and under the momentum gained by this public concern, the movement developed with extraordinary rapidity.

At the child welfare centres mothers could, in the early days, call with their babies and obtain medical advice about their own and their babies' health, and about the best artificial feeding if breast-feeding were not practicable; and later, as the system grew, they were also able to obtain advice during the pre-natal period —a service very properly regarded as most important.

Moreover, health visitors are now provided, who enter the homes of the working classes to watch over expectant and nursing mothers, who for one reason or another cannot be seen at local headquarters, and the League also organizes a number of subsidiary departments, which deal with crèches, health lectures, the training of health visitors, the provision of holidays for mothers and toddlers, etc.

Some idea of the immense growth of the infant welfare movement in recent years may be gathered from the fact

that whereas in 1914 there were only 400 centres with 50,000 children in attendance, in 1926 there were 2,300 centres in England alone, caring for 360,000 mothers and babies annually.

Now all this is very creditable, and, from personal knowledge of one or two welfare centres, and the health visitors functioning at them, any one may persuade himself that the work now being accomplished by this organization is both efficient and conscientious.

But it would be pleasant to see in these institutions, as in all the public services of the nation, a little more of the spirit which works with the object of one day making its particular functions superfluous. For it is only modern and artificial conditions which, by destroying sound tradition in regard to the care of the mother and her infant, have created the need for the child welfare movement. And when once the whole population has again begun to establish a sound tradition in these matters, and the acquired knowledge begins once more to descend, as it always should, from mother to daughter, and not from health visitor to mother, there may be an end of child welfare centres and the cost their upkeep entails.

Their advertised results are significant. For instance, in 1911, when there were only a few health visitors and infant welfare centres, 130 infants one year of age died out of every 1,000. In 1923, when there were 1,842 health visitors and 2,204 infant welfare centres, the number of deaths per 1,000 was reduced to sixty-nine.

Now, although we may deprecate the modern tendency to interpret reduced mortality figures always and invariably as a *plus* in racial stamina and health, it cannot be denied that if only a small portion of this reduced infant mortality is due to the welfare centres, and represents a positive access in health and strength to the population, the work of the movement is abundantly justified. And while the contribution from rates and taxes for maternity and child welfare work rose from £83,000 in 1914–15 to £1,700,000 in 1922–23, the money was well spent if it led to these results.

Nevertheless, in view of the vast sums of money now spent annually on public services of all kinds by the Government of England, the taxpayer has the right to be assured that no portion even of so small a sum as

£1,700,000 is being wasted or in any way misapplied. And in regard to the work of the welfare centres, he is entitled to expect more substantial results than a mere reduction in infant mortality, which may or may not be a boon, according to the quality of the infants saved.

Let me, therefore, examine a few other figures.

My search has extended beyond London, but seeing that the conditions throughout England and Wales are not substantially different from those prevailing within the Metropolitan area, I shall confine myself to the latter, which may be considered fairly representative.

The Public Health volumes of the L.C.C. annual reports, under the heading of the Medical Examination of Elementary School Children, supply a series of statistical records which, as I happen to know, present a problem not only to inquirers, but also to those who are closely in touch with child welfare work.

If this work were really producing tangible results among the children of school age, one would be entitled to expect a marked improvement in the physical condition revealed not only among recent entrants (children who have just reached school age), but also among older children: for it is in children now at school or now entering it that one would hope to find the beneficial consequences of having been cared for and watched during the first year of life, in accordance with the promise made by the doctors quoted above.

But what, in fact, is revealed by the L.C.C. Reports? In the first place, in the Report for 1925 (p. 89) there is the following significant passage: "There appears to be no reduction of the percentage of children with very bad condition of teeth." Although the number of boys with sound teeth has risen about 6·7% and girls about 6·3%, "14% of the entrant infants continue to arrive at school with extensive dental caries (four or more teeth obviously decayed), a condition accompanied in many cases by aural sepsis leading to much general ill-health."

Furthermore, although the elimination of defective children before and after attaining school age is very much more rigorous than ever it was, the number of pupils absent from school owing to illness shows a steady and, in the circumstances, unaccountable increase. Thus,

from rheumatic and heart trouble, and from chorea, the absentees have been as follows (p. 82, 1923 Report; p. 91, 1924 Report; and p. 117, 1925 Report) :—

1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925
14·13%	21·12%	21·61%	23·5%	23·92%	25·02%	24·71%

From nervous disorders, the absentees have been :—

1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925
8·21%	7·8%	8·44%	10·05%	10·72%	10·78%

On page 83 of the 1923 Report special attention is called to this baffling increase of nervous troubles amongst school children, although no explanation is offered.

When schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are consulted, they invariably declare that they have personally witnessed a great improvement in the general condition of the children during the last decade or more. And those headmasters who have been connected with the elementary schools for a score or more years will emphatically claim that the boys and girls that now come to them are as different as they can be from the wretched little specimens they were familiar with in the early days of their career. I have consulted some of them, and found no dissentient voice in regard to this improvement.

The question is, however, to what extent these favourable impressions have been created by (*a*) improved clothing and cleanliness, and (*b*) the more rigorous weeding out of bad cases, and their relegation to special institutions. For it is obvious, with regard to (*a*), that, without special knowledge, a schoolmaster of twenty-five years' experience may too easily allow himself to be influenced by the decidedly remarkable change within recent years, owing to extended outdoor relief and unemployment benefit, in the foot-gear and clothing of his pupils, and thus to argue from the mere improvement in clothing and bodily cleanliness that the bodily conditions have also improved.

Again, in this matter, the L.C.C. statistics are very helpful. For instance, the records of the examination of entrants from 1913 to 1925 show that, whereas the number of boys who were well clothed rose from 53·9% in 1913 to 61·1% in 1923, and 60·2% in 1924, and of girls from 55·1% in 1913 to 61·1% in 1923, and 59·4% in 1924, the number of A1 little boys of the same age declined from

30·7% in 1913 to 23·8% in 1923, to 21·5% in 1924, and to 21·4% in 1925; and of little girls from 32·7% in 1913, to 24·4% in 1923, 22·6% in 1924, and 22·4% in 1925. (We are to understand by A1 the children who were well nourished and in the pink of condition.)

Looking at the records of general cleanliness, I find the same marked improvement as in regard to clothes.

From 1913 to 1924 the number of little boys showing good bodily cleanliness increased from 77·7% to 95·8%, and little girls from 77·0% to 95·7%.

It seems only fair to take these statistics of increased cleanliness and good clothing into consideration in measuring the value of the favourable view taken by experienced schoolmasters regarding the improvement in their pupils, for the steady decline of the A1 children shows that it must be superficial.

It is true that the number of young children of both sexes who show a fair condition of bodily health(nutrition), but who are not A1, has increased between the years 1913 and 1924. For instance, in the case of little boys this increase is as much as 15%, and in little girls 15·5%. It is also true that the number of sub-normal children appears to have decreased. In little boys this decrease is as much as 5·8%, and in little girls 4·6% in the eleven years.

But with regard to both this increase of children in fair condition and this decrease of sub-normal children, one may ask to what extent the improvement in their state of nutrition is merely a reflection of the improved conditions exemplified by their better clothes? Presumably if their parents can afford to clothe them better than children were clothed in 1913, they can also afford to feed them better. But in contrast to these cheering figures of fair condition and sub-normality, what of the figures already given for the startling decline in A1 children, and for the increase in sickness?

The condition of the teeth is largely a question of nutrition, and the fact that "there appears to be no reduction of the percentage of children with very bad condition of teeth" leads one to conclude that, although the amount of food procured by working-class families is sufficient in bulk, it is not of a kind that secures health. But of this anon.

Now turn to the records of older children—boys

and girls of eight years of age—and you will find the figures following very similar curves, and again the same decline of A1 examples, and the same increase in the number having good clothes and showing greater bodily cleanliness. Between 1913 and 1924 the number of boys of eight who were well clothed rose from 47·5% to 57·7%, and of girls from 51·4% to 58·4%. The number who showed bodily cleanliness rose from 72·0% to 95·4% (boys,) and from 73·7% to 95·7% (girls). The number of A1 children, however, declined in the same period from 22·0% to 15·6% (boys), and from 25·1% to 17·5% (girls).

Among children twelve years of age the improvement as to clothing in the same period was from 49·1% to 51·5% (boys) and from 51·8% to 58·5% (girls). As to cleanliness, it was from 73·1% to 94·0% (boys) and from 74·1% to 94·7% (girls). But the number of A1 children of the same age declined from 26·4% to 19·2% (boys) and 30·6% to 21·6% (girls).

Now it must be borne in mind that nutrition is not merely a question of food bulk, but also of food quality and constitutional tone. A child may be surfeited, yet starving, owing to the fact that the food it obtains does not include a wide enough range of ingredients. On the other hand, a child may be in a badly nourished condition, owing to the fact that, although its food values may be correct, and the bulk taken in quite adequate, its bodily tone does not allow of proper assimilation.

Two factors, therefore, play a part in the incidence of illness and poor condition among the elementary school children—their food, and constitutional tone.

It is the second factor which is the more serious, and in view of the increase in nervous diseases, of rheumatism, heart trouble, and chorea among them, it would probably be right to ascribe the decline of A1 children chiefly to the fact of general constitutional deterioration, i.e. loss of stamina and bodily tone. The fact that in the year 1925 53·1% of eight-year-old boys and 54·9% of eight-year-old girls failed to pass the test for normal vision, with each eye tested separately, shows how widespread this constitutional trouble is, for the eyes are quick to respond to any constitutional or muscular debility, no matter how this happens to be caused.

In view of the above brief enumeration of some of the more salient features of ill-health among working-class children, taxpayers are entitled to inquire what, apart from the reduction in infant mortality, is being done by the welfare centres to improve the health of the nation?

Having more or less taken over the charge of the nation's children between the hour of birth and the twelfth month of life, what do the welfare centres claim to have accomplished, if the results are so depressing?

I have put this question to a number of health visitors and the following is a summary of their reply:—

(*a*) "If constitutional deterioration is actually occurring through the propagation of debilitated and unsound stocks, this can in nowise reflect upon the work of the welfare centres, because it is a source of physical abnormality which they cannot control."

(*b*) "Even if constitutional deterioration is very largely accounted for by bad conditions (whether of food or environment) in early childhood, the work of the welfare centres cannot be expected to overcome and remove this evil, because there occurs in the history of almost every child which has been dealt with by the welfare centres, a serious gap in health supervision which, in the experience of every health visitor, frequently destroys all the good which the first twelve months of care has effected. This gap occurs between the age of weaning and the school-entrant age, or between the age when solid food takes the place of liquid artificial food and the school-entrant age. It covers the period of life at which the child is a toddler."

As it is impossible to deal with the first part of the reply, in which the health visitors make what is admittedly a just claim, I shall confine myself to the second. Here again, I readily acknowledge that the welfare centres put up a very good and reasonable defence.

According to my informants, a baby having left the breast in a flourishing and wholly promising condition, frequently becomes unrecognizable in the space of two or three years, owing to the appalling food conditions which appear to be the inevitable fate of the working-class toddler. Apparently the ignorance displayed by the working-class mother regarding the nourishment

suitable for a youngster just beginning to walk is little short of criminal. Beer, pickles, strong tea, highly condimented and preserved foods of every description, including tinned salmon, new and spongy white bread, stodgy pastry, fried fish and potatoes—in fact, everything with which its parents systematically debilitate and ultimately ruin their own digestions and health, is given to the little toddler who, six weeks ago, was still subsisting entirely on mother's milk. And it is only very rarely that there is either enough knowledge or forethought in the heads of the household to prevent this deterioration of frequently good human material.

If this is all true—and my personal investigations lead me to conclude that it is—then it seems perfectly obvious that, as long as the working-class mother is allowed to go on in the state of crass ignorance in which she now finds herself regarding the elements of sound nutrition, all hope may as well be abandoned of effecting any substantial improvement, by any means, however heroic, in the health of the nation.

Now, there are two alternative remedies for this state of affairs. Either the gap which is represented by the toddler's life must be filled and, at the risk of involving taxpayers in endless further expense, the work and powers of the welfare centres must be extended, or the nation must be thoroughly re-educated concerning food values. The latter alternative seems to me by far the better solution; but it is not going to prove easy. My own experience with the poor has led me to the conclusion that no one is more stubbornly attached to error, or more resolutely disinclined to improve, than the average English housewife. And although much can certainly be done by individual influence such as the health visitor can exercise, and by public tuition, the onus of all reform in this department must rest with the Legislature. Public lectures about food could well be increased.

Food, as distinct from the mere art of its preparation, might well form an item in every school curriculum, high and low; and special regimens for the toddler might, if necessary, be taught by public proclamation throughout the land. But until the Legislature makes it impossible for the women of the nation to buy inferior bread,

harmful preserves, bad beer, and doubtful foods of all kinds in and out of season—until, that is to say, a standard is established in regard to staple articles of diet, and a severe system of rationing introduced for tinned, preserved, and proprietary foods of all descriptions, it seems a hopeless business to save the adult's health, much less, therefore, that of the toddler who has just left the careful supervision of the welfare centre.

The increase of nervous diseases and heart and rheumatic troubles among school children may, however, point to another source of debilitation, quite different from and additional to the cause already examined. It may be that the physical exercises and the drill which now form part of every school curriculum lead young school children to indulge habitually in a degree of muscular tension which is harmful (see in this connection the lecture by Dr. Peter Macdonald, reported in the *British Medical Journal* of December 25, 1926). The fact that physical deterioration is frequently noticed to occur after school attendance has begun lends some colour of probability to this suggestion, and in that case it would be hopeless to rely solely on dietetic reforms for the improvement which, in view of the huge expenditure involved, the nation has a right to expect from the many services now concentrated on securing a healthier population.

At all events, whatever the causes of the subsequent deterioration of the health of working-class infants may be, it seems certain that the welfare centres and their work are not implicated; unless we are to suppose, with Dr. Norman Haire, that, by helping to preserve numbers of defective infants, who before the activities of the welfare centres started, would in the course of nature have been eliminated, these centres account for the increase in children of low vitality. Speaking at Brighton in 1925, Dr. Haire said: "I go to a welfare centre in a poor part of London every week, and I have been told that I am doing a good work, but I believe that I am doing an anti-social work. I go there to keep children alive who ought never to have been born; I keep alive physically and mentally defective children who are of no use to the country."

The Winner

By R. H. Mottram

He began by beating us—the C Mess of Divisional Headquarters—completely. It was no mean feat. We were, perhaps, the most hard-bitten, deeply-stained set you could find. Higher appointments fell to great skill, great influence, or great impertinence. But the sort of technical specialist who got pulled out of the Infantry and attached to Divisional Headquarters, and messed in C Mess, was a survivor of so much, chosen by the gods from amongst so many of his equals and betters. Why "Uncle" should have been so chosen, and how he arrived among us, we never discovered. But there he sat, one gloomy evening of 1916, with the Somme fiasco grumbling all along the horizon. He volunteered no information. He did not look the sort of man one could catechize. He just sat and smoked, and drank a good deal of whisky, not attempting to ingratiate himself nor even to be agreeable. He beat us from the start. He went on sitting, smoking, and drinking. He won. We adjusted ourselves to him, as he had not to us. He became a feature, then a boast, finally a byword. His outward appearance gave no clue to his personality. It was prosaic in the extreme. Bald, with a dirty grey moustache, of the kind which Tenniel attributed to the Walrus, broadish for his medium height, astonishingly spare, hard and agile for his years, which appeared to be nearer sixty than fifty, his maple-leaf badges showed the number of one of the battalions of the 1st Canadian Division, and the rank of Captain. His name was Dakers. Beyond these vague indications he was a mystery. But he became an institution. We took to calling him "Uncle." It does not matter who first thought of it, or why. It suited him exactly. There is something of authority and responsibility connected with the title Father. But Uncle—that semi-detached relationship in which one can be kind without condescension, and humorously affectionate above the clash of

antipathetic generations! Now, no one would have dreamed of receiving an order from Uncle. He never gave such a thing. On the other hand we all contracted the habit of going to him for advice. This added immensely to his reputation. For whatever reason, good, or probably bad, he had been given the post of Clearance Officer at Divisional Headquarters, it was soon discovered that Uncle was a man of parts. When everything failed, as it did, in those increasingly enormous and useless offensives, about once a week, Uncle always had some expedient ready. The farther we departed from all the known rules of war, the better he grew. At his own job of Clearance Officer, he was pretty useless. Anyhow, he left it all to young Skene, his second-in-command. But he was on surer grounds when called in to help the Deputy Assistant Director of Veterinary Services with sick mules, or the Assistant Provost-Marshal with Colonials. And when the worst happened, when we had to retreat ten miles and the whisky ran out, his efforts were remarkable, were crowned with success, and met with the fullest recognition (for by the middle of 1917, whisky was one of the few things one was still certain of wanting, in a crumbling world).

Thus, from being a mystery he became an institution. His fame spread far beyond our little C Mess. Very high personages, who could not ask his advice, obtained his opinion by circuitous means. It was owing to some mumbled remark of his that the Australians were taken right back, after the massacres of Passchendaele. It was because he said: "You 'av been a long while thinking of it!" that the new Mark VIII non-galling ammunition-carriers were served out to all the machine gun units for their teams. He was entirely unconscious of the weight he carried. He never smiled when, as was fitting, he was eventually enshrined in an epigram.

It was young Kavanagh, that brilliant Irish schoolmaster, who said it. When rest had fallen upon us, and the last excuse for the irksome discipline and bewildering boredom of soldiering was gone, Uncle still sat in the Mess, always smoking a pipe, and perhaps drinking a little more. One by one, as we exhausted the few poor alleviations of our lot, for there was not even enough work to

occupy our minds, risk had been eliminated, and the amusements available to us had been worn to the bone, we dropped in, found that there was still an hour before they would bring us our tinned dinner, and sat down beside him. Kavanagh came in last, swallowed his drink at a gulp, coughed, stared, and burst out :

" There sits Uncle, looking like a prairie ! "

None of us knew what a prairie looks like. But if unlimited and perpetual sameness is its characteristic, the simile is apt indeed. He had changed less than any of us in those four years or so. He did not blink on hearing the description, but suggested, in his voice, hoarse, as Kavanagh also had said, from drinking out of damp glasses, that we should play one of those childish gambling games in which he excelled, and which enabled him to pay his spirit-laden mess bill. In this, as in everything else, he had us beat.

This concludes the direct evidence about him. As has been shown elsewhere, the increasing disintegration of the fourth year removed him from our little Mess, which broke up shortly after, as if he had been its central rivet. We went off to do our special jobs in special holes and corners, he went with Skene, who discovered that there were real nephews of his in France, justifying his soubriquet. But more than that, not even Skene discovered.

Yet the student of human nature can make a few shrewd deductions. How did the man come to be what he was ? He had a reputation as wide as, and far more creditable than, that of most Generals. But he was an obscure insignificant old fellow. People called him ignorant, but Skene said " No, primitive rather." It was not merely that he understood horses. The A.D. Veterinary Services did that. Uncle very nearly was a horse. He looked at things from a horse's point of view. He understood the tongue-tied, pocket-full-of-money insolence of Colonial troops. He understood a Massey-Harris reaper and binder. From the way he spoke to French mechanics who mishandled those almost human machines, one might almost say that Uncle looked at things from the Massey-Harris point of view. What sort of man has these thoughts, so rudimentary that they rank next to dumb instinct ? Well, one must suppose

someone born in and bred up to agriculture, leaving England at the earliest possible age, long before sophistication, and spending forty years without a break in Canada. Now the most primitive, entirely agricultural county in England is Wiltshire. It has no big town, not even a port. Its people have a slowness of speech and breadth of face that rather fitted Uncle's. As he never alluded to his childhood, never went to England on leave, never wrote to anyone, one may assume that he left in disgrace, and never cared, perhaps never was able, to go back. But that he was not Canadian born is pretty certain. He had no accent. His attitude to the war was too instinctive. He had no Imperialism. Nothing less than August 1914, could ever have brought such a truant home to the Mother he had saddened. If she has a consciousness, that queer Mother of us all, that sits between Ireland, and the Channel and the North Sea, she must think that he made good. Most of us never knew of his death until years later. Then one or two came together, with Skene, and he told us. Then it was that one of us thumped the table with his fist, crying:

"By Gad, he always won!"

We knew what was meant. We had been comparing notes, trying to make out how, after a war so bad, the peace could possibly be so much worse. We had admitted that for the best part of 1917 and 1918 the real enemy had been not the Germans, but the war. It beat most of us, but not Uncle. Just as he had always won at cards and drunk up his winnings, so had he swallowed the armistice, lain down and died, of 'flu. Certainly, he was unbeatable.

And amid the toppling of crowns and thrones, and creaking of new nationalisms, there glimmered our admiration for him. Of all the old and shaky, and the new and gimcrack forms of civilization that may not outlast a decade, the England of which Uncle was a specimen will survive. Who else could hang on with so little fuss, and pass out so quietly?

The Unicorn

By Morris Marples

PROBABLY there is no one alive to-day who believes in the unicorn. The myth has been exploded, as the phrase goes, and the unicorn, familiar though it is in heraldry, is dead.

It always seems to me that we lose a great deal by the explosion of myths—just as we lose a great deal by growing up. We know too much nowadays. The only thing left for us is to put together again sorrowfully the exploded myths in which our ancestors believed, and try to recapture something of their point of view.

The unicorn once had a tremendous vogue. It probably came to England with the Renaissance, and every Elizabethan believed in it. Even so late as 1886 a writer on mythical monsters thought "that the existence or non-existence of this remarkable animal remains a debatable question," which shows how firmly rooted the legend had become. It may have come into Europe from the East; it may be of native European growth; no one can say.

The first European writer who mentions a one-horned animal is not Herodotus, as we should expect, but Aristotle. He is uncompromisingly scientific about it, and gives two examples: the Indian ass and the oryx. Probably there were no unicorn legends known to the Greek world, or we should have found them in Herodotus.

It is rather surprising that Aristotle should make a mistake about the oryx, which even Herodotus knew to have two horns. But it was a mistake often made in later times, and, at any rate, suggests one possible origin of the unicorn fable, namely, an oryx seen in profile. The horned ass is also mentioned by Herodotus, though he does not specify the number of horns. I do not know whether it has any foundation in fact.

The first definite description of the unicorn is probably that found in Pliny the naturalist (A.D. 23), which I here quote in Philemon Holland's delightful translation: "The most fell and furious beast of all other is the

Licorne or Monoceros: his body resembles a horse, his head a stag, his feet an Elephant, his taile a bore; he loweth after an hideous manner, one black horne he hath in the mids of his forehead, bearing out two cubits in length: by report, this wild beast cannot possibly be caught alive." But most of the medieval unicorn lore finds its origin in the famous "Physiologus."

This strange work was a product of second-century Christianity, and written originally in Greek. It contained many amusing stories about all kinds of real and imaginary creatures, and its object was to show how God's purpose is made manifest by means of symbols in the world of Nature. Besides being in itself entertaining, the "Physiologus" throws a flood of light on the happy credulity of the early Christian, and the ingenuity of his pastors and masters, who were guilty, so it seems, of falsifying Nature to bolster up their creed. It had a tremendous popularity, lasting for several centuries, and was copied, enlarged, and translated into every European language. The volumes of animal lore thus derived from the original "Physiologus" are the well-known "bestiaries." Everyone was familiar with the stories contained in them. The church carvings of the period are full of them, and they seem to have rivalled the Scriptures themselves in popularity.

The "Physiologus" then is responsible for the wide distribution of the unicorn legend through medieval Europe. He may have borrowed from Pliny in the beginning, but he certainly added a great many details to the story on his own account; it is impossible to say whether he invented them deliberately, or derived them from some unknown, perhaps Eastern, source.

We have seen that Pliny likened the unicorn to a horse, but the "Physiologus" declares that it resembles a goat in size. Both these traditions have survived: sometimes the unicorn is big and fierce, sometimes small and very swift, for all were agreed that for one reason or another it could not be captured in any ordinary way. How it could be captured any bestiary will tell us.

Ferocious and wary as it was, the unicorn had an affection for maidens, and the hunters, so we are told, used to take advantage of this weakness, and send a

maiden—or a man disguised as a maiden—into the wood where the unicorn lived. She would sit down and wait, and presently the unicorn would emerge timidly, lay its head in her lap, and fall asleep : or, if it were of the small variety, it would " spring into her lap," in the words of the " Physiologus," and so fall asleep. Then the hunters crept up and cut off the precious horn before the animal had time to escape, leaving it as weak as Samson bereft of his hair.

In another version of the story the maiden leads the unicorn peaceably to the king's palace, where it was perhaps kept " for exhibition of its strength and exposed in combats and festivals," like certain unicorns mentioned by Ælian.

The legend of the maiden and the unicorn was a very favourite one for illustration. Blue, red, mauve, or black unicorns with huge horns, and bodies like cart-horses, are to be seen in the bestiaries making advances to grotesque maidens; while the same subject occurs frequently in church carvings, especially on the misereres of cathedrals. This was because it had an appropriate symbolical meaning. The unicorn represented Christ, and the maiden or virgin his mother : its capture and death symbolized Christ's capture and death at the hands of the Jews, and its small size was supposed to be a symbol of Christ's humility. All this may seem very far-fetched, but it is typical of the " Physiologus." The importance of the unicorn symbolically is put very succinctly in an old French bestiary :—

> Monoceros est beste,
> Une corne a en la tête,
> Cette beste en verité nous signifie Dieu.

There was one other possible way of catching a unicorn, which we find in Grimm's fairy tale of the Brave Little Tailor. The king in this story sent the tailor, who wished to marry his daughter, to catch a unicorn alive, hoping thus to get rid of him. But the tailor was not to be outdone. When the unicorn charged him he dodged behind a tree, and the animal's horn became firmly fixed in the trunk, so that the tailor was able to cut it off with his axe and lead the unicorn before the astonished king.

A lion in Spenser's "Faerie Queene" is described as adopting the same tactics:—

> Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
> A prowd rebellious Unicorne defies,
> T'avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
> Of his fiers foe, him to a trees aplies,
> And when him running in full course he spies,
> He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
> His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
> Strikes in the stocks, ne thence can be releast,
> But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous feast.

No one seems to know what the unicorn was supposed to eat, though Sir Thomas Browne very sagaciously remarks that it could not possibly feed off the ground with a horn so placed. But it certainly lived in forests, so perhaps we should be justified in assuming that it browsed upon the foliage of trees. It was said to be a very solitary beast, and to have an antipathy to its own kind, so that two unicorns could not meet without fighting. It seems also to have been specially hostile to the lion, as in Spenser's stanza, and in the well-known verse about the Royal Arms:—

> The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown;
> The Lion beat the Unicorn and sent him out of town.

The same motif is said to be found even in an Egyptian papyrus, where the two rivals are depicted playing draughts, and the lion is pocketing the winnings. Another of the unicorn's enemies was the elephant, which it was said to attack in the stomach with its horn. This detail was probably derived from Pliny, who describes the rhinoceros attacking the elephant in this way.

Another use of the horn is related by Cosmas, a sixth-century Alexandrian merchant. He tells how the unicorn when pursued, throws itself from a cliff and escapes unhurt by landing on its horn, which acts as a shock-absorber. The story has also been told of the ibex.

The horn also had the remarkable power of neutralizing poison, which was indeed its chief claim to fame. Before drinking from a pond containing venomous reptiles, the unicorn would dip in its horn to purify the water, and the other animals used to take advantage of this useful habit so that they might drink in safety. The "Physiologus" describes it as follows:—"Before they assemble themselves

comes the snake and casts her poison on the water. And the beasts when they observe the poison dare not drink, but wait for the Unicorn. He comes and goes straight into the lake and makes the sign of the Cross with his horn, and thereupon the poison becomes harmless and all those beasts drink."

It is not surprising that the horn was in great demand among men. Travellers liked to carry a piece, so that they could drink from wayside ponds in safety, while kings and other powerful but unpopular people had cups made of unicorn's horn, so as to be free from the fear of poisoned wine. No doubt there was a considerable traffic in the commodity. But it was often suspected—not without cause, perhaps—that a great deal of the so-called unicorn's horn was not genuine. There is extant a formula by which it could be tested: "For experience of the Unicorn's horn to know whether it be right or not: put silk upon a burning coal, and upon the silk the aforesaid horn, and if so be that it be true, the silk wil not be a whit consumed." Let us hope that this helped people to avoid being swindled.

In Sir Thomas Browne's day many supposed unicorn's horns were on view at various places, and some even exist to-day, though they generally turn out to be the horns of narwhals, or sea unicorns, as Sir Thomas Browne calls them. One at St. Denis, near Paris, "had wreathy spires and chocleary turnings about it"; and Albertus Magnus described one which was "ten feet long and at the base about thirteen inches compass," which, if genuine, must have belonged to a truly terrible monster! At Queen Elizabeth's court there was a unicorn's horn said to be worth £10,000; the Queen herself did not think it a genuine one.

The unicorn legend is not confined to Europe. Africa, India, China, and Japan all have their myths of one-horned animals, and the story seems as universal as that of the Phœnix. It is easy to see how such a myth might start in any given instance; but it is not easy to see why the idea of a one-horned animal has had such a widespread fascination for mankind—why the most diverse races have independently made it the subject of legend. That, like the distribution of many other myths, must always remain a fascinating mystery.

An Old Catalogue

By James Searight

THERE are certain long-haired and rather seedy-looking individuals in every large town who become familiar objects of observation to the second-hand bookseller by their frequent appearance at his stall and window. They seem to do nothing for a living, but smoke cigarettes and prowl aimlessly about the places where books are. Harmless as a rule and of an age anywhere between twenty and forty-five, whenever fate bestows a little ready money on them, they may venture inside the shop and ask timidly for old "Studios" and art magazines, for they are burdened with an artistic temperament which, supported by certain indefinable ideas pertaining to the rights of man, elevates them above the drudgery of physical labour.

They form a part of our needy philosophical population that requires State direction. Without it they merely drift. Some, who adhere to art, seem at middle age to lose courage and resign themselves to the daily occupation of spreading their artistic creations on the pavement at the feet of a graceless, unappreciative public. Some, with a stronger bias towards literature in their composition, and perhaps propelled by good fortune, recruit the venerable corps of antiquarian booksellers, lay down their cigarettes and compile a catalogue of valuable second-hand books in every branch of literature at remarkably low prices.

A catalogue old or new of books old or new forms the most attractive reading imaginable to the lover of books. But to abstract all the juice and aroma, in the familiar language of Mrs. Beeton, from a catalogue, it must be read in slippered ease by the fireside at home; and then, allowing yourself to sink into a voluptuous reverie composed of thoughts of the books you would order were you the Caliph or Rockefeller, moon over it again pencil in hand and mark the titles of those you wish brought to you by your major-domo of dreamland on the morrow. By absorbing the titles in this manner of the books of your fancy you will derive nearly as much pleasure as the purchaser of the volumes from their actual possession.

He can do little more than gloat over them for a while before he shuts them away to make room for something new. But to read a book catalogue in a commercial spirit at a desk, in the office, or with time-saving intent in a tram or train, is to chase away the soul of it and degrade a noble work into a common trade list.

What an admirable bed-book it makes! Something on which no mental strain is needed to idle over in the last half hour at night before dropping out of a world of books and make-believe. And if it break in classification the entire decalogue of orthodoxy, it is all the more attractive and interesting. The book collector who has no time or who is too fastidious to search through a catalogue in which the books are inefficiently arranged must not be confounded with the book-lover who delights in picking out, unaided by alphabetical division, the things he wants from the pages; as he delights in picking them from the shelves where, with no classification, books are thrown anyhow as they come in. A keener zest is imparted to his quest, for he knows, or believes, which is the same thing so far as the fun of the hunt is concerned, that there is a better chance of catching "finds" from a bookseller who pays slight attention to headings than from the man who meticulously groups his books.

A writer on books and cognate subjects should never be at a loss for matter. All he has to do is to open an old catalogue, say, of the mid-nineteenth century, and romance springs immediately to his elbow. On many a quiet afternoon, when the trade of the country seemed to be ebbing and there was no one afoot with any interest in literature, have I taken up an old catalogue of that period and, turning over the leaves in search of nothing in particular, communed in spirit with our brother in books now long with God.

He makes no bones about the assertion that his books are bargains, for he insists at the top of every page that the prices are remarkably low. I am inclined to agree with him, when the very first book he chronicles is a copy of Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book, with the modest price affixed of seven guineas: "A Book of Christian Praiers, collected out of the Ancient Writers and best learned in our time, with portrait of the Queen, and every page surrounded by very curious old woodcut borders by

Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein, small 4to, Yardley and Short, for the assigns of R. Daye, 1590."

Further down on the same page he offers me a volume which I have a mind to send for, but I fear I should be too late; it must have been snapped up ere now from Dublin or Cork by telegraph: "A Bloody Irish Almanack, with Astrological Observations, by J. Booker. Frontispiece, small 4to, hf. bd. 1646. London, for J. Partridge, 18s."

But why did I not get the catalogue earlier? I am sure I would not have claimed any discount, had it been sent to me as soon as issued. I would have gladly paid the full price for: "Bacon's (Lord) works; collection of first editions, very thick small 4to, 1605–1639. Rough calf, 16s. Includes Advancement and Proficience of Learning, 1605; Miscellanies, containing Warre with Spain, etc., 1629; Elements of the Common Laws, 1639; Use of the Law, 1629; On Duells, 1614, and 4 others." And I would have instructed him to enclose in the same parcel a novel called "Jane Eyre, 1847, by a new writer of the name of Currer Bell," which, I think, would not be dear at 6s. 6d.

The second-hand bookseller is occasionally asked the process by which he frames his price. The gruff fellow who considers the question an impertinence might retort that he marks the price upon his books as it comes up his back. But the diplomatic shopkeeper smilingly explains in Machiavellian fashion that his price is based upon the cost. This, on examination, might mean anything from five to five thousand per cent., but the soft answer parries trouble and passes without suspicion.

It is customary in the liquor trade to occupy quiet intervals by filling bottles, and there is no more profitable occupation for a bookseller when he is not selling books than to read about them. The privilege of reading a paragraph like the following, for example, consoles one for being denied the pleasure of handling the book in the way of trade:

> The Contents of The New Testament;
> Reader, first mark them with your mind, and then
> Mark signal words in Chapters with your pen.
> Learn by heart twelve or eight lines every day.
> In short time the whole lesson you will say.

AN OLD CATALOGUE

> Whether you ride, or walk, or wakenly,
> The Holy Writ will bear you company.
> Printed for Samuel Kebble, 1674. Small 8vo,
> morocco gilt. £1 4s.

Did the projectors of the Marked Testament which was circulated extensively some years ago get their idea from this old book?

Witness the modesty of our brother as he applies the mild epithet "scarce" to "Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, two vols., portrait, 1719, panelled calf, 16s." And when describing an early Dante of 1564, for which he asks 50s., he says the woodcuts are of a very spirited character. "Free" is the adjective commonly met with in the antiquarian bookseller's catalogue of our own day, but it cannot be denied that the more soulful word "spirited" conveys greater possibilities and rings more decorously in the drawing-room. If trade were not so dull just now, one might be tempted by the "remarkably low" prices to order quite a number of the volumes; but what is the good of buying books, be they ever so cheap, if one is selling none? But if you are in the market for rare books at low prices, our brother will give you for sixteen guineas "Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, second edition, with the names of the principal Actors, the Verses to the Reader by Ben Jonson, and fine impression of the portrait by Droeshout, folio, calf, good sound copy, 1632."

This rare edition, a footnote says, which at one time was thought to be more intrinsically valuable than its precursor, is one of the best printed books of the period.

But good wine needs no bush. For an additional £7 10s. he is prepared to throw in a copy of the fourth edition, provided, of course, that the London fellows have not grabbed it before the catalogue has reached the provinces.

In point of fact, the catalogue of this forty-niner is lavishly interspersed with good things which he seems to regard as commonplace. You can have "Shelley's Queen Mab, with all the notes, portrait by Finden, 8vo, first edition, 1821, half calf," for 3s. 6d.; and he has "Swift's Gulliver's Travels, first edition, 1726–7, containing many passages subsequently modified, portrait, 3 vols., 8vo, calf gilt," at sixteen shillings. I often get catalogues

which would give the humblest of his good things a star heading to itself at the top of the page. With an item like this they would add an engraving :

A Dialogue between the Riche and the Poore. With the rare and curious woodcut title, and Caxton's Device at the end. A large and perfect copy, the edges scarcely cut, 4to, cloth, £8 8s. Wynkyne de Worde, 1496.

And I see he wants a lot of money for the ponderous Dibdin. No less a sum than £78 for twenty-eight volumes! But that is always the way. To the discriminating reader every catalogue shows extremes in prices. The old bookseller's adage, "Whenever you find a man dear, look round, for you may be sure he has missed something," is as applicable to a catalogue as to a warehouse.

The offer of "Dibdin's Poems, 1797, boards, 10s.," follows the £78 set, and he adds in a footnote that the volume is very scarce. All the copies procurable were bought up and destroyed by the author. So here is yet another one loose. This is a case for the Government to step in and protect society by claiming the odd copy. Says Dibdin on page twelve of the first edition of his "Bibliomania": "About twelve years ago I was rash enough to publish a small volume of Poems with my name affixed, and I need hardly say at this period how ashamed I am of their authorship. I struck off five hundred copies and was glad to get rid of half of them as waste paper; the remaining half has been partly destroyed by my own hands, and has partly mouldered away in oblivion amidst the dust of booksellers' shelves. My only consolation is, that the volume is exceedingly rare." And as I look at the shelves which harbour verse and dust, I would there had been more like Dibdin!

Poets are notoriously modest. One of the mid-seventeenth century published his little volume under the timid title of "Certaine Serious Thoughts which at severall times and upon sundry occasions have stollen themselves into verse, and now into Publike view from the author."

"What a savour doth the preface set forth!" remarks Lamb, and how the old boys loved to roll their English round their tongues! When they set themselves to write a title to their books they were charmed into a disquisition and zealously covered the page. A glance at

the title dispensed with the need of an index and the job of the reviewer must have been easy. An old book on King Solomon industriously meets my eye with its alliterative promise of salvation and solace every time I open the catalogue when in the doldrums:

Carpenter (John), Schelomonochan, or, King Solomon his Solace; containing King Solomon, his politic, historic, repentance, and, finally his salvation. 4to. F. Windet, 1606. Nice copy in calf gilt. 18s.

Our brother proceeds to tell us in his usual explanatory note that "It is dedicated to King James, and from the fulsome style of the dedication the writer would seem to draw a parallel between the Hebrew and the English Solomon."

From a remark attached to another volume of old divinity, besides telling us that a curious insect lies embalmed on page fifty-eight, that "The object of the work is to prove the truth of the Scriptures and the Divinity of Our Lord," an aspect of our brother's character peeps forth. His faith was at least sound, although he may not have been a devout man in the full meaning of the term. An unbeliever would hardly have taken the trouble to append a remark of the kind, and his religious sense could not be so inert as that of the other old bookseller we know of who handled the Bible in trade every day of his life, but never was known to handle it in worship. With him the power of expression connected with whatever he had innately of the spiritual had atrophied; that is to say, in vocal or outward expression. He lived alone in a small room at the back of his shop and he never prayed. But he gave expression to his feelings in a dumb fashion every night when he undressed and knelt at the side of his bed, and then, lighting his pipe, communed for a few moments with the eternal silences on the inscrutability of things.

Catalogues are guilty of a gross dereliction of duty when they neglect to give the size of the volume they are describing. One could conjure up the book mentally, besides being able to identify it again, if one knew that a certain edition should be duodecimo, octavo, quarto, or folio.

I think it is Stevenson who says somewhere, "If you are troubled with a pride of accuracy and would have it completely taken out of you, print a catalogue," and our

brother occasionally expresses regret that he cannot tell me all he would like to about his books. He admits, for example, that he has not been able to discover the author of "No Whippinge, nor Trippinge, but a kinde friendly Snippinge," published in 1601, yet he gives me something new in the way of information every time I dip into his volume. Only the other day he told me that "Fuller's (J.) Tour in the Turkish Empire, map, 1831, 8vo, calf neat, 18s.," was one of the rarest of modern books, scarcely a dozen copies of which are believed to be in existence. The usefulness or interest which the book ever possessed is now as extinct as the dodo, and any hope that I shall ever be able to use the information regarding its scarcity to advantage is faint, but one never knows. On another page he tells me that the two volumes of "The Comic Romance of Monsieur Scarron, translated by Oliver Goldsmith, 12mo, first edition, in original calf, 7s. 6d.," are each indicated on the title-page by a printer's error as volume two. Here we are on firmer ground. One might get a bargain of this book in the saleroom when a copy turns up by sedulously spreading the report around the table that both volumes are volume two.

To a book which our brother lists at 10s. 6d. he appends the remark that a copy has been recently priced in a London dealer's catalogue at 35s. Should I write to him for any of the items which interest me, I will take the opportunity to express my opinion that this manner of comparison is not playing the game. You can stand in the public highway shouting that your wares are the cheapest in the world till you are hoarse or sold out, but you have no right to confine your comparison to any particular individual or place.

Moreover, he apologizes on the front cover for the price of 2s. which he charges for his catalogue by explaining that he does this for the purpose of preventing it from getting into the hands of irresponsible persons; pledging himself at the same time in the same place to refund the cost from an order of £1 and upwards. So far, so good; but by the manner in which he uses his London colleague's catalogue he stands confessedly, in this relation, an example of the irresponsibles.

That part of our human anatomy which registers emotions connected with books titillates pleasurably when

one sees the volume which one has picked out of the twopenny box catalogued at a goodly price; but the unkindest cut of all is to see the volume catalogued at a goodly price which one should have picked out of the twopenny box, but didn't. The greatest pleasure which comes to me in my business of dealing in books is when I buy a good book at a moderate price. Not necessarily a bargain, although it goes without saying that a bargain is seldom refused. But even if its cost approaches its legitimate value, the advent of a desirable book into the premises brings more sunshine into the life of the proprietor. I take it up and handle it admiringly in intervals of quiet, fondle it literally as it lies on the ledge behind the counter on the day on which it arrives. And after it is placed on the shelf, whether it is a single volume or a set, I surprise myself frequently into casting a loving eye over it until it gives place in its owner's affection to a new favourite. "Every time you looked at this set, you instructed me to increase the price," laughingly said an assistant of mine once as she was packing a set of Dickens to the order of the purchaser. But you cannot do that in a catalogue; once the price is printed, it is fixed. True, booksellers have been known to withdraw a book for more consideration and inquiry into its value, when they have been frightened by the torrent of orders they received for it into the belief that they were selling it too cheaply.

The maker of this catalogue, he who collected the books, has been gathered to his fathers long ago, but his books remain. I can view them whenever I please to idle through his two hundred and twenty odd pages. It is quite a portly affair, judged as a trade list; but the world wagged slower in the days when it was compiled than it does now, and bought its second-hand books more leisurely as well as cheaper, giving time to the bookseller to say all he had to say about them. And I notice as I close the catalogue that our brother prays that, when it is finished, it may be given to a friend.

He may rest in peace, so far as that is concerned, for his catalogue and I have been friends for years. But I may as well put up the shutters and go home, for there will be nothing more doing to-night. Yea, brother, of a verity, thy books are cheap!

A Change of Ends

By Frank H. Bodle

BIKERRI sat in his mat-walled hut and through the door-opening stared across the wide lagoon to the land on the farther rim of his world. The blue waters of the isle-encircled lake sparkled in the sun, the feathery palms that shaded the royal hut sang softly to the warm sea-wind, but Bikerri took no note of these trifles. His mind was busy with high politics, and he scowled darkly at his rival's dominions.

For Bikerri was the king only of portion of this atoll, and that the thin and sandy part, where naught but coconuts grew; where, too, the fishing was poorer than in his rival's waters. It was remarkable how these two entirely alien tribes should have squatted on this small circle of land and not have intermixed, yet as far back as their traditions went, things had been ever thus. This does not imply any tremendous lapse of time, for on these flat lagoon islets, where yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow are monotonously the same, memories grow short, and even great events are soon forgotten. . . . Yet even though he believed things had been always so, Bikerri was dissatisfied with the ordering of his world.

The fat end of the island, the groves of bread-fruit trees, the plantations of bananas and of yams must be his, Bikerri's; the lean part, the sandy soil, where only scanty palms would grow, could go to his rival, Shark-eater. Bikerri, though a little past his prime, was still a powerful man. Now his high forehead was puckered into lines of thought, and his eyes were filled with a consuming anger.

"Why should it be?" he grunted savagely, and his copper ear-rings, each a foot in diameter, shook as he threw back his head defiantly. "I am a better man than Shark-eater. Why must he hold the better land? Aie! he shall not!"

The chief rose suddenly, for his favourite wife—

poverty compelled economy, and he had but three wives —came running through the palm-grove, calling his name as she ran.

"What matter?" cried the king heavily; "what is thy trouble now?"

"The ship, the schooner-ship, has come again," Farihi panted. "She is beyond the reef. Quick! before Shark-eater gets to her."

Bikerri lumbered across to the seaward shore and climbed into his waiting canoe. The paddlers ran her safely through the line of breakers, then swung out towards the vessel. None too soon was the journey accomplished, for, as Bikerri drew alongside the rocking schooner, a fishing canoe of Shark-eater's clan, spying the stranger, slipped inshore to tell the opposing chief.

"The rifles, Kipa (skipper), the rifles!" cried Bikerri as he gained the deck. "You got my rifles?"

Captain Chase, commissioned officer in the Armada of Adventurers, winked slowly and with great solemnity. "Wal, now, there are just about fifty rifles below hatches," he responded reflectively; "but they ain't your rifles. No, sir, not till you load me down with copra, as per schedool. Not one second before that precise moment."

Bikerri turned to his canoemen, bidding them paddle ashore and order every man, woman, and child to load copra into the canoes of the village and ferry it to the schooner. There was a pungency about the chief's speech that inspired speed, and the canoe fled shoreward as if to avoid imminent destruction. Almost two years before, Captain Chase had shown Bikerri a wonderful rifle that fired ten shots with one loading: from that day Bikerri had placed a "tapu" on all coconuts in order that he might buy fifty more of these magic weapons. Once in a season of drought, forgetting the king's commands in the grip of his thirst, one man had plucked a green coconut. Him Bikerri had speared with his own hands as a warning to all evildoers, and the result of this vindication of law and order was a full shipload of copra.

All day long Bikerri's canoes plied to and fro in such strength that Shark-eater was fain to stand aloof. The women carried down the sacks of dried copra; almost frantically the men ferried them to the schooner, so that

by nightfall King Bikerri had earned his repeating rifles and a goodly store of cartridges. That night was fatal to many pigs; there was a feast upon the beach, and afterwards a great dance of the women and girls, a circling swirl of shining brown bodies, tossing heads, weaving arms and tempestuous feet, to the blood-stirring chant of the deeds of brave and bygone warriors.

Bikerri was a warrior, but he was also a statesman, and he spent some time in schooling his braves in the use of the new weapons. Aforetime there had been a medicine man—a "boo-boo" man, they called him—but Bikerri had learned all the signs and the little trickeries of the trade, and he was now his own high priest. But this was not sufficient. Very covertly and with infinite caution he made overtures to Mataka, Shark-eater's boo-boo man.

There were still other threads in the strand of Fate. Farihi, the young wife of the king, was a pretty woman. Her glossy black hair hung down to her woven waist-mat. Her dark eyes were mirthful and coquettish, and her lips enticing. Around her head was bound a white cloth, and this and three strings of coral beads—with the waist-mat, of course—made a picturesque costume that was quite sufficiently warm for those sunny latitudes. Farihi was not altogether averse to a little flirtation, and being a native of a distant atoll, was not so hostile to Shark-eater's people as were Bikerri's folk.

This sprightly dame, then, had cast winning glances on Kalili, a young chief of the enemy clan, and gradually the two had drifted into a system of stolen visits. Bikerri was no fool, and his ears were long, but he was also patient when this was necessary to gain his ends. Now great issues were at stake, and he bided his time. With the coming of the guns things became very different, and now Bikerri sought only a cause of quarrel. Had he not the wonder-guns, while Shark-eater's tribe could muster only muzzle-loaders?

One evening a runner dashed into the king's hut, panting, all but breathless. "She is with him in the Great Grove," the man gasped, holding his side. "They are together. Quick, Bikerri, and we catch them!"

Up rose the old king; his hour had struck. There was scornful anger in his glare; he gave his orders savagely.

"Ten men to the reef-gate, at once," he called sharply; "the rest with me. Come now, or I spear the laggards."

Hastily the village divided itself, the smaller party racing to one end of the island, where a channel through the reef separated their lands from those of Shark-eater's tribe. Beside this lane of swirling water the ten set to work to build a wall of coral rock, in the shelter of which they might safely watch and wait with ready rifles.

The main body, some fifty strong, facing in the opposite direction, jogged noiselessly behind Bikerri till they came to the "Great Grove," a dense clump of palms that marked the debatable ground between Bikerri and Shark-eater on that side of the long, narrow isle. Bikerri silently halted his forces, spread them in a long ellipse around the clump, then with three followers stole in among the trees.

Behind them rose the booming of the long swell on the reef, ceaseless, thunder-loud, for even in a flat calm the Pacific breaks heavily against the outer walls of these low islets. Inside the grove, the tufted tops rustled together, whispering strange tales, but beyond these never-ceasing songs of surf and sea-wind there was silence. No sound of human voice or hurrying human feet came to the straining ears of the searchers.

"I saw them enter the grove; they are hiding," murmured the spy.

There came a sudden trampling, far to the left, a loud cry, then the crack of a rifle.

"They flee! they flee!" came tidings from the watchers outside the grove. Bikerri rose swiftly to his feet, then stamped with rage. Out on the calm lagoon, that shimmered almost day-bright under the clear tropic moon, a canoe was racing from them. In it were two people, a man and a woman, each paddling furiously. Quite unmistakably the fugitives were Farihi, the erring wife, and Kalili, chief of the enemy's fighting forces.

Bikerri had at his command many objurgations in his own tongue; he knew also much of the least-pleasing talk of the whites. There on the moonlit beach he poured out all this knowledge lavishly, cursing the fugitives by gods old and new, and others half-forgotten, passionately vilifying the pair in the speeding canoe to their remotest

ancestors and their farthermost possible descendants. Yet while he ranted and stormed up and down, he held back the rifle fire. Secretly the king was glad, though he dared not let his subjects see anything but fiery indignation. Inwardly he exulted; now, indeed, he had a just cause for war. He would fight Shark-eater, take his lands, and kill Kalili. After that he would thrash Farihi, and next time watch her closely. Ah! yes, he would thrash her. It was all good, very good. If he had caught the pair in the grove he would have had to kill both. Now his anger would have time to cool, so the tribe would think, and a thrashing would meet the case. But very surely it should be a sound one.

"Come on, you children of a legless crab," cried Bikerri, lashing himself into another fury; "why stand gaping here? They have carried off my woman; their land is mine in forfeit."

There was a yell of approval, and the troop clustered forward, running steadily for a full mile. Beyond the grove the island widened till it was nearly two hundred yards across. A mile forward it narrowed again, till there was a bare twenty yards between the lagoon shore and the spray-wet palms of the outer beach. Here Bikerri halted his men, and in great haste they built a low wall of coral from the seashore to the inner lagoon beach. Behind this the invaders settled down, firing a volley or two to warn the enemy and evil spirits to keep away. In that short rush Bikerri had doubled the area of his kingdom.

As a rule, Pacific islanders are not night-fighters. They have too colourful imaginations, too great a fear of the dread things that stalk by night, to care about tussling in the dark. Therefore there was no attack, and the raiders slept peacefully, save for a watchman and one youth, who returned to the village on the morrow with orders that the women should bring food.

At early sunrise, Bikerri, conforming to the usages of statecraft, sent an envoy to Shark-eater. The brown-skinned ambassador travelled by water, and when within shouting distance ceased paddling.

"Shark-eater! Shark-eater!" called the envoy, a bronze statue balanced gracefully to the lift and fall of

the low canoe. "Bikerri has a message for you. You have stolen his wife, you son of a fat pig, and your land is forfeit. Yield your land, pay tribute to Bikerri, and you may live. Refuse, and the fish of this lagoon shall tear the fat meat from your bones, O Eater of Sharks. . . That is the message of Bikerri."

Shark-eater lay lazily in the sun outside his hut. He was an immense, obese creature, gluttonous, and very tired. Three of his wives sat beside him smoking their pipes, and in turns puffing smoke into the mouth of their lord and master. In this wise was he saved much trouble, yet had all the titillations of the smoker.

"That is the message of Bikerri," the envoy repeated patiently. "What is thy answer, Shark-eater?"

"Shoot him," murmured Shark-eater, without stirring. Two muskets cracked, but the aim was poor, and the envoy, having gained a very definite answer, paddled leisurely away.

"Where is my boo-boo man?" the king asked sleepily. "Ah! Yes. How are the signs, Mataka? Must I go out to fight to-day?"

Mataka, a squat and ugly figure, ringed about with rows of sharks' teeth, stepped inside a circle of white stones, spun round thrice to the clicking of the strung fish teeth, muttered an incantation, then cast down a cord of knotted coconut fibre. Stooping, he examined this closely, then straightened, and his look was lowering.

"There is danger, Shark-eater; there is danger near," he chanted in a whistling falsetto. "Stir not a foot to-day, for the omens are adverse. Stir not a foot to-day, O king!"

"I will not," King Shark-eater replied with conviction, and once more fell asleep.

Meanwhile Bikerri and his men were marching forward, moving very cautiously, for they feared an ambush amidst the dense palms and bread-fruit groves. Here and there round huts, leaf-thatched, peeped out under sheltering branches and these were carefully searched. Man, woman, and child, all whom they caught they slew, for it was now a war to the death. Again, as evening closed in with tropic haste, the raiders built a coral wall and fired a few shots to frighten the enemy.

But the enemy did not join battle. Next morning Mataka again sought counsel of the unseen world, but still the omens were unfortunate.

"It is well," quoth Shark-eater wheezily. "When they are good I will fight. Till then I will sleep. Blow more smoke, you women, or I will have you thrashed."

Kalili, who deemed himself the author of these misfortunes, was not happy. He had run off with Farihi, not so much because he desired her, but to save her from the anger of Bikerri. On the fatal night the young chief had noted the approach of Bikerri and could have escaped alone, but Farihi was so fearful of the just wrath of her lord that he took her with him. Now Kalili grew desperate as daily his tribe's lands grew less and less. First of all he planned a dash on Bikerri's village across the narrow reef channel, but the ten watchers had plenty of ammunition, and after a deal of shooting, killed two of Kalili's men. Clearly that road was barred. Also, if they came openly by canoe across the lagoon, many eyes would spy them at a distance—and a rifle carries far.

On the next morning the signs were still adverse, but now Kalili was desperate. He gathered together a band of young men and marched against Bikerri's main force, boldly defying the auguries. In the old days, before the coming of the muskets, the fighting had been fierce hand-to-hand work, wherein the stoutest and strongest won the day. Those glorious days had gone; now men hid behind trees, took pot-shots at a rustling bush, then dodged back—and in this work the strong and the brave did not always win.

Bikerri's men had repeating rifles; they fired ten shots to Kalili's one with the old muzzle-loaders. The aim was usually bad, but when a great flood of bullets is sent drifting through the palms, ever and again someone gets hit. Three of Kalili's men were killed, five more were wounded, then the young chief was hit in the leg. He stumbled and sprawled in plain sight of the invaders.

"Shoot him! Shoot him!" Bikerri cried exultantly, firing his own piece with more speed than accuracy. Two of Kalili's men seized their chief and bore him back to the village, though he begged to be set down, vainly urging his sullen followers to fight on.

"It is as I foretold," the boo-boo man said sombrely, as he and Shark-eater watched the return of the defeated band. "The omens were bad. He went to fight; see now, he will die."

At dusk Bikerri's men built their wall not half a mile from Shark-eater's village, and from dusk to dawn both sides maintained a desperate din, each hoping that thereby the other would be terrified.

At early dawn, Bikerri's men, triumphant yet still cautious, stole forward from tree to tree, firing at each movement of leaf or twig. Again Shark-eater consulted the omens, and to-day they were more ominous than ever before.

"It is well," Shark-eater wheezed philosophically. "I have done my best, but Fate has fought against me, and now I must yield."

"The signs are very black," said Mataka slowly, swaying from side to side so that the sharks' teeth clattered rhythmically. "King, go make peace with Bikerri, or ill may come to you."

Bikerri was not easily placated. He had learned the power of his rifles, and his terms were nothing less than unconditional surrender.

"Your land is mine—I take it," Bikerri spoke haughtily, as he stood before his victorious troops. He stared contemptuously at the fat, drooping figure before him, the Eater of Sharks, who now must eat the sand on which his conqueror trod. "Aie, Shark-eater, all your lands are mine," Bikerri went on, leaning forward over his grounded rifle, while the opposing clans faced each other in utter silence. "Yet a little of my land I will give you—of charity—at the sandy part—where the fishing is not good. . . . That or death. Also I have a matter with a certain Kalili. Him will I spear with mine own hands."

"You are my chief, Bikerri," said Shark-eater humbly. "Your word is my law, and Kalili is your meat. You shall have him."

But no trace was there of Kalili or the runaway Farihi—unless mayhap a little brown speck far out to sea. The search went on while the two clans faced each other tensely, a frantic search that revealed only a missing

canoe. Kalili and his love had fled with the dawn-wind, hoisting their brown matting sail for Farihi's atoll, a broken man and a faithless wife fleeing the vengeance of King Bikerri.

"But you shall have your pick of all my women," said Shark-eater apologetically, when it became clear that further search was futile. "Choose, and she is yours. Also, as is just and right, you shall kill which man you please, that Kalili's deed may be atoned."

The tension eased. The opposing ranks nodded approval; Bikerri signified his gracious assent; and on these terms the thing was comfortably arranged. Without further fuss or parley, Shark-eater and his tribe, lazy with good living, took up their home on the sandy lands, while Bikerri and his people, lean with hunger and fierce with abstinence, came to live on the rich lands and the abundant food. One only of Shark-eater's men remained behind. Mataka the boo-boo man became Bikerri's Prime Minister.

Tahituna is a model island. Now and then a trading schooner calls; once in a long time an inquisitive warship inspects the atoll. The pleasant friendliness of the people, the idyllic calm of their atmosphere, social and political, is ever a matter for congratulation. On all hands it is agreed that in the whole of the wide Pacific there is no better example of the contentment and benefits dispensed by civilization. On the charts it is described as a low, coral atoll; but it has often appeared to me that, despite all outward seeming, Tahituna should be classed as a volcanic island.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Labour Party

"I see from the papers that fellow Wedgwood Benn has joined the Labour Party," remarked Heddle.

"He has that," replied Sergeant Murphy, "and why wouldn't he? He'll find his spirichool home there the same as the rest of thim. Annybody can find his spirichool home in the Labour Party. If not, they'll find it for him. That's where their sthrinth lies, Heddle. They bar no stakes and no system. They don't even dhraw the colour line."

"Yes," said Heddle, "but all the members are supposed to be Socialists."

"And what is a Socialist, might I be askin' you?" said the Sergeant. "You don't know and nobody else knows. Whinever you pin wan of thim down to a definition of Socialism, you'll find the next fellah revokin' and sayin' it's not Socialism at all. Why to call yourself a Socialist nowadays is the same as calling yourself a Frothblower, except that the worshippers of the foamin' pewter are a bit more genial. So the party goes on dhrawin' recruits from every quarter, with a slight bias in favour of thim that can pay their own election expenses. Labour is the political Land of Promise. They'll promise annything and deludher thimselves it may come thrue. Annyhow it's good enough for an election slogan.

"It's amazin', Heddle, the variety of the min that have rallied round the Labour banner.

"There's the highbrows like Comrade me Lord Haldane and Comrade Webb who want to apply the principles of bee-keepin' to humanity. There's the aristocrats like Comrade Ponsonby and Comrade Mosley who have wan leg in the proletariat camp and the other in the capitalist. There's min like Comrade Sir Pathrick Hastings who relaxes now and thin from briefs and first nights at West End theatres be actin' as delegate for the Lawyers' and Dhramatists' Thrades Union. There's the genuine thrades unionists, many of thim believin' that Karl Marx was the senior partner in Marx and Spencer's Bazaar, and havin' a reasonable hope that a Socialist Government can be squeezed to their advantage. There's the fiery enthusiasts who think that a system that works

well on paper will work better in practice. They're like the fellahs that go to Monte Carlo with a banker's dhraft and come back third-class without their luggage. There's Comrade Jim Thomas, equally at home in an election, a West End cabaret, or a banquet. There's the genuine Red Communists, which include represintatives of most of the coloured races of the world as well as all the plain. They head all the 'Hands off' Committees, and they never slack. Their hearts bleed simultaneous for down-throdden Egyptians, Chinamin, Portuguese, West African niggers, and what not, even if they've only heard of thim the day before. With wan exception. Anny country oppressed be the noble Soviet of Moscow deserves what it's got. In anny case you mustn't expect much sympathy for places like Georgia that can't even afford a Press agent to tell the story of its wrongs. But in every inthernational affair where Britain is concerned the first thing is to assume that Britain is the villain of the piece and work up from there.

"Add to thim the disgruntled Liberals that have fallen out with their own party, and you'll see what a stock pot of opinions goes to make up the Labour end of politics. Mind you, I'm not saying that they aren't honest min. Bar a few fellahs that see a chance in Labour that no other party offers, a few more that are out for a new sensation, and the gang of rivolutionaries that believe that whin a buildin' tumbles down there's always pickin's—bar thim, I say, the average Labour man is as honest as anny other politician.

"I often amuse myself, Heddle, be thinkin' of what a real Socialist Cabinet Council would be like if all the factions in the party were represinted.

"Can't you see Comrade Ponsonby and Comrade Saklatvala supportin' each other in anti-British propaganda, or Comrade Mosley with his arm round the neck of Chung Ling, the deligate from Hong Kong.

"I know very well that the mimbers of no political party keep step all the time, but they're ginerally marchin' on the same marker. Well, tell me now, what marker is the Labour Party marchin' on? Mr. Wells, who was wance an apostle of Socialism, has dhropped it in despair, and is now burnin' Joss sticks before the image of Sir Alfred Mond."

The Highway

By Helen Sutherland

FROM the shore road we saw it, like a thread
Of green and russet up the hill side creep—
And I must follow, follow where it led
However rough the way, however steep.
And some cried "Go," and others laughing bade me stay,
As all alone I turned to tread the upland way.

The scented dusk lay heavy on the lands
That sloped, all green with pasture, to the sea.
The night winds soothed my face with cooling hands
And stirred the dew-wet grasses by my knee.
The shadowy cows in silence raised a wondering eye
Till, like a kindred shadow, I had passed them by.

Across a singing burn I sped, to where
A clump of guardian thistles watched the place.
And oh, I *knew* you waited for me there
Before I felt your hand or saw your face!
You whispered, "Green and russet creeps the magic
thread!"
And hand in hand we followed, followed where it led.

On either side the purpling heather bloomed.
We crushed the fragrant thyme beneath our feet,
And soft white moths out of the darkness loomed
Like flower ghosts. . . and oh, the air was sweet!
The silver silence broke anon as dark curved wings
Swooped by, and eerie voices uttered woeful things.

And still we followed, till we left below
The pastures, heather moors and wailing birds
And came to where the bracken forests grow,
And Silence is: not to be moved by words—
And we, what needed we with words? We only knew
You were the world to me, and I the world to you.

And on we followed till the Highway grew
Invisible amid the ferny shade . . .
And then we turned to face a magic view
Whose poignant memory can never fade—
Grey pearly skies merged in the silver ocean's light
And the dim crags of rocky isles rose dark with night.

The silver seascape held us with its spell;
One golden star lamp quivered in the sky;
And though our lips were moving in farewell,
We knew for us there could be no "good-bye."
You whispered, "Green and russet runs the Highway's track
And I must follow, follow—but you must turn back!"

Then downwards from the Uplands of desire—
Down through the heather and the singing burn
To laughing welcome and the friendly fire
Homeward I sped, with never a backward turn . . .
And have I dreamed the Highway? No! for my hands still hold
A withered frond of bracken—my heart, a memory gold.

A Last Word

By Lesley Grey

HERE'S my last word: that still I do not know
If I am all, much, nothing to your heart.
As the past went, so shall the future go;
And we shall die, as we have lived, apart.

But this is sure: though you love not at all,
It shall not make me sorry to be I;
Sun, moon, the stuff of stars I have at call,
Simply in loving you. And so good-bye.

Artificial Comedy

By Horace Shipp

The Desperate Lovers. By Alfred Sutro. (Comedy.)
The Beaux Stratagem. By Farquhar. (Lyric, Hammersmith.)
One More River. By Ashley Dukes. (Stage Society.)

I HAVE never yet discovered exactly what a bandbox is, but I am quite instinctively sure that artificial comedy has curious affinity with one. The disappearance after a brief fortnight of a play by so practised a hand as Mr. Alfred Sutro, when Farquhar's *The Beaux Stratagem* has utilized the period to get into stride for a triumphant march through hundreds of performances prompts one to inquire into the rules and substance of this time-honoured theatrical form. What quality is present in the one and absent in the other? Wherein does one fail and the other succeed?

It did not lie with the acting, for if Farquhar did have the inspired support of Miss Edith Evans, Mr. Sutro had both Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Allan Aynesworth working so splendidly that whilst they held the stage the piece appeared to move of its own wit and wings. Neither did the fault stand with the production, for although both had grave errors dimming the lustre of their conscious artistry in this direction, and although nothing at Hammersmith was quite so dreadful as that eternal half-minute when Mr. Ayliff allowed the soul to trickle out of Mr. Sutro's play with Enid Bassopp's tea-pouring, there was a sufficiently good handling of both pieces to place no handicap upon either. So we are driven back upon the plays themselves, and it must be confessed that Mr. Sutro has failed to give us that neatness, lightness, self-containedness, roundness, delicacy, and remoteness from the rough-and-tumble of every-day existence which artificial comedy shares with the proverbial bandbox.

His very first note was a false one. It consisted in a passage of acrimonious wit between a lady and her secretary. Every sentence was "smart"; each at least attempted to be an epigram, and a goodly percentage succeeded. Seeing the play in critical perspective, one realizes that this opening failed for more than one reason.

It was not only that the dramatist had failed to find the exactly equivalent convention for the speech of the secretary to that which he had employed for his lady, and thereby missed his characterization, but we discovered that the whole passage, which concerned a series of invitations for an At Home and the dismissal of the Secretary, had nothing whatever to do with the play. Then, as though the dramatist had become aware of these loose ends dangling untidily from his bandbox, he proceeded to unpack something so symmetrical, so balanced that the mind grew weary of the design. The middle-aged gentleman who could only marry his charming widow-fiancée and retain his £5,000 per annum if his stepson gave consent, the stepson who could only marry *his* lady and retain his income if his stepfather gave consent; the widow's passion for old glass and the middle-aged wooer's passion for old furniture, balanced by the stepson's passion for old glass and his fiancée's for furniture; the mutual decision of the lovers to obtain consent by presenting each to each a collector sharing an enthusiasm, and confessing the fiancée when the citadel has been stormed by the connoisseur; the failure of this scheme because the old man has an implacable hostility to suffragettes and the young one a moral inhibition to ladies with the least suspicion of a past, which blemishes besmirch the histories of the ladies; the mutual prayers to, mutual recriminations upon and mutual abandonment of their respective lovers by the ladies, mutual plans to fly to Hongkong and Singapore with an accommodating and endowing millionaire, eventual solace in the arms of each other's lover, and breakdown of all objections, form a framework of artifice so remote from life that it must succeed as art or fail abjectly. Truth to tell, I think that Mr. Sutro took just one step too far from reality. The people of artificial comedy must be first cousins to their countertypes in the comedy of manners, as these in turn are related to life.

Miss Vanbrugh and Mr. Aynesworth by brilliant acting managed to give their parts this life of art, but the other actors were not great enough to perform such a superhuman task. Their wit was cold and ventriloquial; their epigrams forced. It was not only not the language

of real life, but failed to be the language of their own unreal life and never left the oft-blotted manuscript of Mr. Sutro, save when the two principals put their own ceaseless vitality into it. Mr. Shelving's exquisitely artificial designs with their exotic colour did their best to keep the work in piece, but nothing could save it.

If the framework of Farquhar's play bears scarcely any more life-likeness, his people have much more, and because of it their wit hangs better upon them. This is not to say that there is any realism in it; the piece is pure theatre; but within its own convention the characters are skilfully differentiated, their acts and their motives credible. It only breaks over into farce on occasional moments of uncertain production when Mr. Malleson's genius for clowning as Scrub the servant gets out of the producer's hand. Whether we would sacrifice so much fun for a more exact æsthetic would most likely prove us to be human—all-too-human—but no bandbox would contain Mr. Malleson's personality.

For Miss Edith Evans in these artificial parts the language of eulogy is inadequate. They become her so perfectly—her intonation, her appearance, her pace and delivery—that they seem waiting for her to act in order to reach their own consummate fulfilment. Because she acts always with her mind first, the brilliant speeches, the crisp epigrams, the dazzling repartee is as though it were born on her lips. She almost bears this production on her own shoulders, for Mr. Hayes is too romantic an actor to fit easily into this period in spite of the charm of his presence, and neither Mr. Carleton Hobbs as Aimwell, nor Miss Komstam's Dorinda ever quite come into being.

One other experiment in artificial comedy has been provided by the Stage Society's production of Mr. Ashley Dukes's *One More River*, a modern comedy in blank verse.

It was completely frivolous, and, regarded as the lightest of amusement, succeeded. It would have succeeded even more if the rest of the cast had forgotten naturalistic tradition and attuned themselves to Mr. Thesiger's brilliant acting. Mr. Dukes is, however, not to be encouraged in these airy trifles, when his sympathy with the best in European drama demands more serious work.

Books

NATURAL HISTORY

HERBS OF HEALING: A BOOK OF BRITISH SIMPLES. By EDWARD STEP. With 76 illustrations from photographs by the author. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

MR. STEP, an expert in plant lore, has got an excellent subject in his latest book. You can vary, writes an old herbalist, the dangerous attractions of the Bottle and of Books by taking to curative Botany, and people dosed with the doctor's latest compounds may sometimes wonder whether the older simples have lost all the effects with which they used to be credited. Lately, indeed, the news came from America that a series of these simple remedies was being tried on a series of students. They may, at least, be more innocuous than some of the patent medicines which vested interests maintain in spite of expert opinion. The preface points to undue preference for foreign drugs. During the war home gatherings took the place of importations from Germany and Austria. The Doctrine of Signatures, which is the idea that a plant has marked on it some hint of its medical use, put forward a good deal of healing since proved illusory, but some age-long remedies, e.g. *Taraxacum* from the dandelion, remain official. The mere novelty of fashion in medicine was and is powerful. What is unknown is, as Tacitus hinted, apt to be overrated, and Mr. Step quotes Gerarde's remark that Golden Rod, when rare, was much sought after, but grown common, fell into disrepute. This book tells us plainly and sensibly whether the plant mentioned figures in the present Pharmacopœia, and how far its virtues are now regarded as operative. What may be called the magical side of medicine lasted till the end of the eighteenth century, but the names of many of our flowers, such as feverfew (*Febrifuge*), show their use. A striking modern advance is the application of poisons which are administered to prolong life. Thus foxglove (*Digitalis*) and nightshade (*Belladonna*) are given together for heart disease. Yet in the nineteenth century such plants were severely avoided. The old gatherers of herbs were casual and often mistook one thing for another. The virtues, too, ascribed changed in the course of time. Thus mistletoe was, as is noted, a remedy for epilepsy, but an eighteenth-century doctor found it useless for this, and "good for Convulsions and Vertigoes."

Mr. Step has chosen, doubtless for their picturesque language, the earlier herbalists, but there is a later literature, e.g. the "Family Herbal" of Sir John Hill, Bungay, 1812, which elders among the living have seen applied in rural districts. A friend of ours remembers as a small boy some dry vegetable stuff which proved a better stopper of bleeding than any he has had occasion to buy since. Mr. Step has not included the Rock Rose, which an authority of 1738 describes as "very fit to stop any too violent Discharge of Blood," and so called by German botanists *Consolida*

aurea. The common Shepherd's Purse (*Capsella*) was also used for a similar purpose. No single book, however, could include all these homely remedies, and the collection here is well presented and full of interest, adding details of fertilization as well as the quaint fancies of old days. The photographs are attractive, often showing the plants in their actual habitat.

V. R.

DELINEATION OF AMERICAN SCENERY AND CHARACTER. By JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. With introduction by FRANCIS HOBART HERRICK. Simpkin Marshall. 18s.

THIS book, with the exception of one essay and the Introduction, is a reprint of the second of Audubon's publications, under the title of the "Ornithological Biograph." We are very glad to have it and read it, for too little opportunity has been afforded the British public of becoming acquainted with the works of one of the greatest of American naturalists. This is the more surprising in that Audubon, having failed to obtain recognition in America, the land of his adoption, turned to this country for the appreciation denied him elsewhere. His confidence was justified, for his writings and drawings won him instant recognition.

To this country belongs the honour of first producing his greatest works. Of these perhaps the most important is the "Birds of America," published in four volumes, double elephant folio. As Prof. Herrick points out, the style of his publications, projected on so large and expensive a scale, may account for the fact that no reprint has been available for more than half a century.

The reader will find a particularly interesting chapter on the meeting between Audubon and Bewick and the subsequent intimacy between them, a pleasant instance of the bond which exists between great Nature lovers.

The Introduction by Prof. Herrick is admirable, but one can be forgiven for wishing that the mystery with which Audubon enshrouded his origin had never been probed, and that future generations had accepted him at his own explanation, that he belonged to every country. Great men "bestride the narrow world," and the loving conquest of Nature's secrets is, perhaps, a happier way of greatness than success in war with all its human destruction.

FICTION

BLUE MAGIC. By ROY DEVEREUX. Crosby Lockwood. 7s. 6d.

THE epistolary method of this clever novel, after the little effort of reading oneself in, adds to the comprehensiveness of its content and provides several facets to each character. People are generally more definite on paper than in conversation; a good

letter is a psychological as well as an artistic exercise, and this story could hardly have been told so well by direct narrative.

On the rebound from a severe snub to her intellectual pride, the brilliant, still young, heroine runs away from her critics, to find amongst the flowers and sands of Algeria the passionate love of which she had not dreamed herself capable. She also finds a delightful old French soldier, wise and kind amongst his lilies, a warrior of the desert who has known and loved her mother. The letters of the heroine, of this charming old *sabreur*, and a faithful doctor-friend, who unselfishly resigns hope of her love to keep her friendship, with other occasional correspondence, tell a poignant story with verisimilitude and open up a wide vista of interests.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER. By HILDUS DIXELIUS. Dent. 7s. 6d.

"THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER" is a remarkable achievement. It is the story of a simple soul of great strength, integrity and sweetness, living on a small forest farm in Scandinavia, early in the last century. Many decades, many leagues, separate us from these folk with their strange customs, but the author's intensity of vision makes them as familiar as the homely faces known in childhood. Their deeps are our deeps. Their humanity triumphs over strange ways and unknown landscapes. We do not question them—Norelius, the wild, starveling cleric; Albin, whose forestry succeeded because he had "a special friendship" with all Nature; Lydia, who was "more like a heathen changeling than a Christian," being forbidden to take the boy into the forest because she seemed "a very wood nymph"; and Sara Alelia herself, lovely and fragile-seeming, yet strong. The execution of Lydia for murdering her new-born children is a tremendous piece of work. In the forest where she sinned, on a pine-block, in a ring of villagers armed with wooden lances, she pays the penalty.

The style is admirable throughout, especially in reproducing the beauty of the setting:—"The young birches were pale green, and the cuckoo called across to the midnight sun, standing like a disc on the horizon." The only criticism is a query. Would Alelia, the competent, have let her husband die? Would Alelia, the faithful, have married again?

ADAM IN MOONSHINE. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THE jacket of this book presents in silhouette an "altogether" man holding out his arms to the full moon, and in the text we soon discover that, while Adam was given his surname legitimately to procure his entanglement in a conspiracy, his paradisaical name was chosen for the sake of the title. To some extent the author, who is himself a critic, may be held to disarm criticism by so frankly declaring for moonshine. Few of the many people introduced are sufficiently "realized" to be adumbrated by the

moon. Three are certainly alive, and we should like to have seen more of them. The girl "Peter" would be still more attractive but for the crudity with which her attack on Adam for spoiling their comradeship with his "sex-complex" is expressed. Had she known then what a selfish philanderer he was, she would never have been so happy in his company. A young man of twenty-four who on a night escapes down a rainpipe from the bedroom of one girl, makes love next day to another, and ends the following day by transferring his affections to somebody's young wife "exceeds the speed limit" for acceptable romantic heroes. This wife's husband, who first appears within six pages of the end, is, perhaps, the best bit of work in the book. The other member of the trio is Baron Roland, the chief conspirator. Tall, immensely fat, loosely-clothed, with his bright eyes, his enigmatic expression, and his endless tales of travel and adventure, he might, even without the assurance that he was "surprisingly quick and agile," be regarded as a purified reincarnation of Count Fosco, much as Adam's first acquaintance with old Madeira recalls Martin Chuzzlewit's introduction to a sherry cobbler. No idea of plagiarism is suggested, merely agreeable reminiscences on the part of elderly readers.

The "conspiracy," with the detective business, which is rather in the nature of pantomime than farce, and the introduction of a lot of brand-new "Highland" peers of the big commercial world fail to supply anything freshly humorous. The book for the most part is admirably written, and the descriptions of moorland scenery provide a note of sincerity we miss elsewhere, for the absence of which the shining moon does not offer sufficient compensation.

A Daughter of Twenty. By John North. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

The "daughter" belongs to a wine merchant who has just become a widower and is quite at a loss without his managing wife. He lacks help to deal with his home and the claims arising out of his daughter's attachment to a young man. In his office he has a stupid brother who avoids difficult questions by contemplating a chimney-pot, but also Miss Mapp. That competent secretary, "a wretched little suburban creature, earning a few pounds a week," has really been conducting the business of the brothers, though they did not know it. She is a type of worker increasingly familiar in modern fiction, and Mr. North does her very well. The story, which is excellent comedy, shows how she got her reward, though neither young nor beautiful. A big part in the plot is played by a young man who is a gay and careless talker. We much prefer this type to those which are always emphasizing the importance of sex. Mr. North contents himself with some subtle touches on the relations of his lovers. He has a strong sense of humour and a good style.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

NELSON: THE MAN. By A. CORBETT-SMITH. Williams and Norgate. 8s. 6d.

MR. CORBETT-SMITH dedicates this "Portrait Study" to his son, developing his picturesquely touched-in presentment with skilful strokes, in a medium of glowing enthusiasm. All the leading incidents in a life fully documented are used to show how the dominant genius grew to full stature, whilst background and foreground touches help to enliven the picture.

To a world accustomed to accept a century-old romance, the treatment of "Emma" may seem a little harsh. Romney has given us so much of the charm and artless grace of her youth that an unextenuated portrait, even as a shadowy background figure, rather jars. But the just and necessary darkening of the hero by her shadow helps to relieve the blaze of indomitable zeal and devotion to duty which made Nelson's apotheosis.

The book is a frankly decorated study, but it does bring out the essential character and genius of the man; and should prove capital for a boy, or that great majority of readers who like their portraits to have some of the quality of the theatre. The essential Nelson is here, together with a frontispiece showing a little-known but striking likeness.

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI, written by himself. Translated by ANNE MACDONNELL. With an introduction by HENRY WILSON, and illustrations. Dent. 7s. 6d.

WE saw recently a statement that it was advisable to read Cellini's autobiography and the biography of Barnum. The latter's merits and methods are, perhaps, sufficiently understood in this country to-day, and it is curious to see a vulgar showman put beside an artist who wrote one of the great autobiographies of the world in an age of surprising brilliance. Cellini is a typical figure of that age in his tremendous vitality, his frank pursuit of beauty and blackguardism. Both go together, and he takes as much delight in stabbing an enemy neatly as in making a gold button for the Pope. He was an unabashed scoundrel who knew his artistic worth. When Duke Cosimo, his patron, professed to know a great deal about working in bronze, Cellini stood up to him and suggested that he knew nothing about it. The Duke replied that he did know what he was talking about, and got the answer: "Yes, like a prince, not as an artist." A few more such answers to-day would put the Philistines, who generally have the money, in their proper place.

Artists occasionally disappoint us by not being as vivid in life as they are in their work, but this goldsmith bravo of Florence lives vigorously every minute of his existence and contradicts all the copybook maxims. He is an open bragger, yet does great things, and, hampered with no moral sense, he expects the divine

protection and recognizes it as exerted in his own favour. These paradoxes and others are well developed by Mr. Wilson in his introduction. Finally, Cellini exhausted the patience of his patrons, and it is possible that, if he had been less versatile, he might have been a greater artist. But then we should not have had his wonderful book. The translation reads well, and the notes and illustrations are a real help to understanding the man and his work.

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS. By MRS. E. M. RICHARDSON. Hutchinson. 18s.

ONE would have better enjoyed hearing about these people of early Victorian and late Georgian days, if one need not have heard *all* about them. A book of this kind is one of the greatest tests of selective power. The enthusiasm of the collator, fired with the subject, tends to include things wholly uninteresting to the general reader. So, while it is delightful to read gossip about the Iron Duke, it is boring to be told how a lady of no special notability "lost my Maltese Cross and fear I shall not recover it." The wit and discrimination of Mr. Guedalla or the romantic embroideries in "Glorious Apollo" would have brought this book to life. It is simply a collection of letters and excerpts leading nowhere in particular. We are pleased, for instance, to read: "August 7. Elizabeth in the gig with Edmond." But our appetite for romance is unsatisfied, and we are told all in a breath that Lord Northland is to be an earl, that there are riots in Bristol, cholera in Sunderland, and that Catherine is going to marry George Russell. Of the gig we never hear again, or else it has different people in it. Some people, however, may like the discursive style, and there are many fascinating glimpses of old days.

CRITICAL IMPRESSIONS

BEYOND KHYBER PASS. By LOWELL THOMAS. With 124 illustrations. Hutchinson. 18s.

IT is difficult to get through the Khyber Pass, carefully guarded at both ends, even if one escapes the attentions of the Pathans of the frontier, who live by the rifle and knife and are very skilful at robbing. They can take the bedclothes from under a soldier without waking him, and a well-known raider once got away with £25,000 worth of loot out of a city with police. Mr. Thomas, however, is an old hand at penetrating into odd regions of the earth, and after long attempts succeeded in getting safely into Afghanistan. The result is a lively and well-written book, illustrated with admirable photographs by Mr. Thomas's constant companion, Mr. Chase. The present Amir followed a murdered father, who was the son of Abdur Rahman, a strong man famous for his stern, rough justice. As a ruler, he is bent on developing his country, encourages home industries, and has a steady idea

of Afghanistan for the Afghans. He made a gesture of opposition to British India, but did not keep it up. Mr. Thomas found him quite human and agreeable, and numerous films were secured, though the visitors were carefully watched throughout their stay. Evidently the risks of the place were considerable for any foreigner, and Mr. Thomas, though an American, was regarded generally as English. He talked of visiting obscure head-waters of rivers, his return from which the Amir doubted; but he got back to India pretty soon, having seen and heard a good deal which he tells very well. The country is still little known to Europeans, but Mr. Thomas reports that the French have got a concession for archæological study.

FROM AN OLD HOUSE. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. With illustrations from photographs by PHILIP B. WALLACE. Heinemann. 15s.

HERE is the story of an arresting old house and its hold, like that of an exacting mistress, over a novelist. It was the Dower House in West Chester, Pennsylvania, going back to 1712, that Mr. Hergesheimer took, and he was soon deep in the details of improving it, rebuilding and getting really suitable and antique furniture. Old things of the right period became an obsession with him, and he could indulge in interminable discussion about the original habitat of a highboy with Spanish feet found in New Jersey. He struggled greatly after old walnut, and made an early surrender to the plans of a landscape artist for arranging the trees and garden.

Meanwhile, with the incessant writing needed to make this outlay possible he lost some of his zest for society, and saw with emotion his grey and white hairs, admiring the perpetual youth of his wife, though she found it necessary to follow fashion and take to lipstick. The confessions of an author who came late to writing and then wrote seventeen books and numerous other papers in ten years are frank and engaging. Mr. Hergesheimer's prose has distinction and discernment, but is a little clogged with subtle modifications in the manner of Henry James. He reminds us of the "Passionate Pilgrim" with his zeal for century-old beauty. But he is sufficiently detached to see himself. All the little details which make a living picture are there, and with the photographs they give a good idea of the charm, the peace, and serenity which many hope for and few find in advancing years.

GENERAL AND REPRINTS

LET'S GO TO THE PICTURES. By IRIS BARRY. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THE popular title of this book does not indicate how serious a study of the cinema it is. In her wide view the author takes in the history of picture-making, the æsthetics of it, the future

of it. She appraises films and personalities, actors, producers, and organizations; she deals with the limitations of the medium and with its technique; she considers its social significance and its psychological appeal—all this with bright earnestness and belief in the paramount importance of her subject. True it is that this missionary zeal often lacks logic. Miss Barry can state a piece of obvious nonsense with an air of cheerful thoughtfulness which disarms criticism. When she compares the theatre to the cinema, her special pleading is most delectable balderdash, as, indeed, are her axioms upon colour and other diversions from the subject to hand. But we would forgive much for the sake of the intelligent body of this book. If the cinema ever becomes a real art, it will be because people like Miss Iris Barry have taken it seriously in its infancy and tried to bring it up in the way it should go.

ETIQUETTE: A GUIDE TO PUBLIC AND SOCIAL LIFE. By MRS. MASSEY LYON. Cassell. 21s.

HERE for once the critic may say with assurance that for those who want this sort of book it is just the book they want. It should enable anybody who studies it carefully to behave properly in the presence of persons described as those who are "in it," or "who count." The "hall-mark" of such persons is "the correct pronunciation of names," but one may be "in it" without always pronouncing the English language correctly. For example, it is definitely laid down that clipping, or should we say clippin'? the final "g" is "the accepted mode of speech in some of the most important 'sets.'" This is just one of those matters on which social aspirants may be all at sea without expert advice. They may say, "Are you huntin' to-day?" without losing a point, but if they pronounce Bertie as "Bŭrtie" instead of "Bartie," in the case of a particular family, it is a bad business.

Almost every imaginable social occasion, from cradle to grave, is considered in these 467 large pages. Several of the chapters must surely have been prepared with kindly consideration for what may be called the "Treasure-chest peerage." The laws governing a big "shoot," including that which makes Irish stew indispensable at lunch time, may be specially useful in this direction.

"I am in great distress. I cannot determine whether I shall give the maid half a guinea or only five shillings when I go away." So wrote Jane Austen to her sister many years ago. Mrs. Lyon answers such questions for almost every likely occasion. When "swagger" frocks must be taken, what, indeed, should be worn, and, above all, what should not be worn—such points are clearly dealt with, the needs of men being almost as well met as those of women.

One or two rather unkind little references to the servants' hall suggest one of the reasons why we hear so much of "the servant trouble" in these days.

It is useful to know that the bigger the house we live in, the larger may be the lettering on our notepaper. We might have thought that the more insignificant the house, the more distinctive ought to be the address.

There are nine pictures, but, with wise restraint, they are not called illustrations. Had it been possible, in place of the photograph of a conventional wedding cake, to show the scene in a ball-room when a distinguished traveller—let us say, Sir Lemuel Gulliver, fresh from Brobdingnag—appeared wearing a dinner-jacket and a made-up white tie, we should have had a typical picture of the warnings given.

Not the least merit of a book that is probably the most trustworthy of its kind is its excellent index. When we are in doubt how our valets should dress, or whether to take presents for the children of the house where we are going on a visit, we can settle the point in two minutes with Mrs. Lyon's help.

W. H. H.

H. G. Wells: Essex Edition. Vols. XII—XV. Benn. Each 3s. 6d.

These volumes exhibit Mr. Wells at his best as an inventor of thrills. Whether it is Martians bent on destroying the men of the earth, Dr. Moreau with his hideous art of making beasts into something like men, or a shoal of huge octopus on the calm English coast, the horror is always vividly presented and set against some commonplace or homely detail which serves to emphasize it. The arrival of the beneficent comet which made all ranks and classes forget their differences is a surprise in such a series, and shows Mr. Wells's power of suggesting influences and results which in his limited space he has not much room to develop.

The shorter stories are variable in quality and none of them, we think, so effective as the drama half seen which comes nearer and nearer to the sick man's bed in "Through a Window." But some of them have made a sufficient impression on us to be remembered over the lapse of years since they first appeared. Mr. Wells has a remarkable imagination which makes effective use of his scientific equipment. One would expect the "fairy-tales of science" to produce this sort of work more freely than they do, but few brilliant minds, we suppose, are able to break away from the prison of increasing specialism.

The volumes are admirably produced, and remind us of Johnson's wise remark that "no man reads long together with a folio on his table. Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all."

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
APRIL, 1927

Correspondence

The Limitation of Armaments

The Navy League,
13 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—In your paper, and in the Press generally, there have been numerous comments on the proposals of President Coolidge and on the general question of the limitation of naval forces; but there is one important aspect of this matter which has not received the notice it deserves.

In view of special circumstances, applicable in a far greater degree to the British Empire than either to the United States or Japan, it is essential that our representatives at the proposed Conferences on the limitation of armaments shall possess not only the requisite knowledge, but also definite authority to explain clearly that the suggestion of a ratio of 5—5—3 cannot be made applicable to British cruisers and smaller vessels. This view has already been recognized in America as fundamental to any proper consideration of the whole question. Mr. French, Chairman of the House Naval Committee, speaking in U.S.A. Congress on January 4, 1927, has plainly stated that "Great Britain more than the United States, is in need of types of ships such as cruisers that are swift and of widest radius of action."

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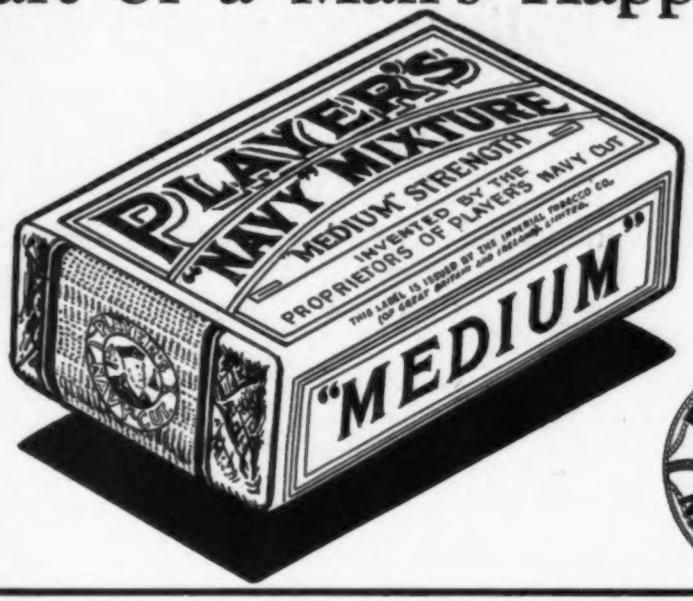

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It would, therefore, be disastrous if this contention was not resolutely maintained by the British representatives as opposed to the purely League of Nations point of view.

The question of the adequate presentation of the vital necessities of the British Empire will, of course, be of equal importance as regards the larger Conference on the limitation of armaments, naval, military, and air, where some fifty of the smaller nations will state their opinions on the subject of Naval Armaments. With all such matters these nations are remotely concerned; but they are placed on almost equal voting terms with our Empire, to which Naval protection is a condition of national existence.

We further venture to express the hope, that H.M. Government will consult the Dominions before being committed to any policy which might gravely affect their security as well as our own.

SYDENHAM,
Deputy President.

CYRIL S. COBB,
Chairman.

Flying and Crashing

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—I read with keen interest and admiration Mr. Baldwin's recent speech on our air arm in the House of Commons. With all the skill of an accomplished speaker he points out that flying is a great adventure, in which the risks are inevitable, and that the best service we can do our airmen is to leave them alone to work out their own salvation, making no inquiry about the heavy and frequent losses of life. The latest, as I write, is recorded (March 21) in a verdict of "Death from Misadventure" at the inquest at Hawkinge Aerodrome on a pilot officer and a leading aircraftsman who crashed in a mist near Folkestone and were killed. The coroner, I notice, commenting on the large number of Air Force deaths, said that "the great majority were due to errors of judgment in flying." Of course, in a fog difficulties are very great, but it would be interesting to know what inquiries preceded the verdict I have quoted above, or what inquiries were possible when the distorted machinery came to rest on the ground. Not all accidents, I notice, are due to the faulty pilot. I am not alone in thinking that there is a case for technical inquiry by qualified experts who have nothing to gain or lose by exploring every possibility of fatal failure. God forbid that the usual Royal Commission, arranged to satisfy public indignation and to produce recommendations which are subsequently ignored, should indulge in its usual leisurely sittings and lead to nothing. The more intelligent part of the public is tired of that sort of evasion. What it wants to know is whether our airmen today have a fair chance of survival in the machines they have to use. Neither Mr. Baldwin, who is not a specialist in engineering, nor anyone else whose views are of worth and are reported in the Press, has, so far as I have noted, met the suggestion that, while money is being